

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1854, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 363—Vol. XIV.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

Our New Volume.

With our next number but one will commence the XVth Volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, the first permanently established in this country, and the model on which all others have been started and are carried on. The pioneer of Illustrated Newspapers in America, it has led the way in the past, as it will continue to do in the future, in its peculiar department, combining prompt and authentic pictorial illustrations of all current and important events, with brilliant works of fiction, poetry, news of the day, and clear and impartial criticisms on all questions of national policy, on the opera and the drama, besides lending its voice to all measures of public reform and amelioration.

We can point to the achievements of the past year as a fair illustration of our plan, purposes and success. During that period we have maintained in the field a corps of artists of unequalled ability, at an expense which would sound fabulous were we to sum it up in figures. We have had, and still have, competent draughtsmen with every division of the army, and with every expedition of the National forces on sea or land, and have presented a series of ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR, far surpassing in number, accuracy and excellence anything that has ever yet been attempted, in this department, on this side of the Atlantic. Nine-tenths of all the illustrations of the war that have been published in Europe, and most of those which have been reproduced in lithograph or oil in this country, have been copied from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER—an involuntary tribute to its accuracy and the skill of its artists.

Over 700 Illustrations of the War, Views of Places, of Battles, Portraits of Distinguished Officers and Worthy Privates, Maps, Plans, etc., etc., have been published during the year, forming a complete Pictorial History of the War.

The literary contents of the paper, it is conceded on all hands, have been of the highest interest and value; and it only remains to be said that in this department renewed efforts will be made, during the ensuing year, to achieve the highest excellence and retain the deepest interest. In evidence of this, we refer to the offer made in another column for a



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

PRIZE NOVEL—an offer more munificent than has yet been made in America.

In a word, it is our determination to make FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, for the future as it has been in the past, the best, as it is the cheapest, Pictorial and Family Paper in America.

Subscribers should send in their subscriptions at once, so as to commence with the new volume, which will be one of surpassing interest for all time. Promptness in this respect is all important, as it will be impossible to supply back numbers.

Terms.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers \$2 50
One copy for six months, or 26 numbers 1 50
One copy for 17 weeks 1 00
Two copies, one year, in one wrapper, to one address.. 4 00
One extra copy to a person sending a club of five. Two extra copies to the person sending a club of 10, and so on, in proportion. Every additional subscription only \$2.

TO THE LITERARY PUBLIC.

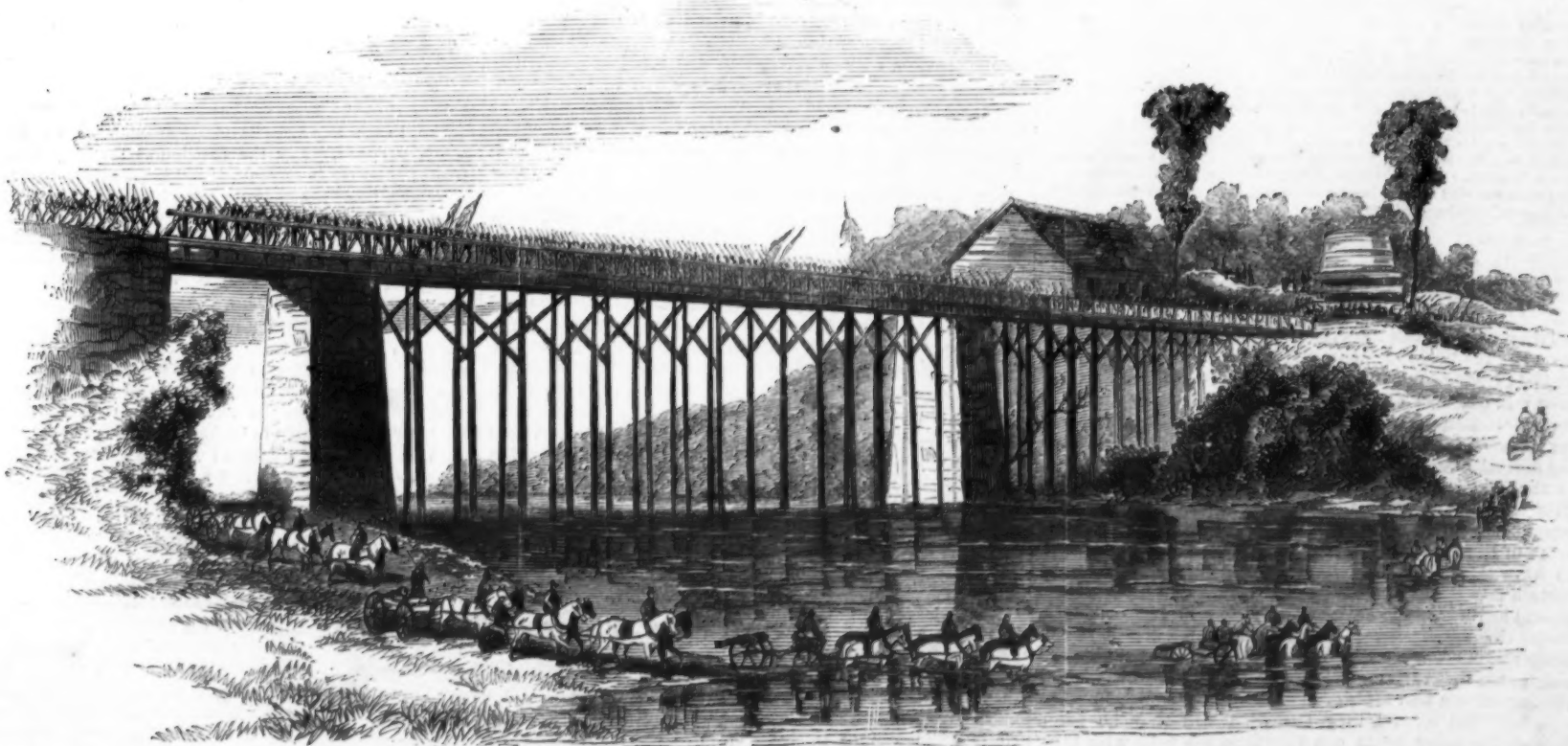
CONSIDERABLE sums have been paid to foreign authors for the right of publishing their productions in this country simultaneously with their appearance abroad. We believe that proportionate inducements will call out, in the United States, talent in all respects equal to that which is displayed in the foreign productions so eagerly caught up and reprinted here; and that in the country of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne and Holmes the field of Fiction offers as wide a range and as hopeful promise as in any part of the world. In this belief, as well as to secure to our readers something truly original and indigenous, the Publisher of this paper offers

\$5,000

for the Best Original American Novel, and

\$1,000

for the Second Best Original American Novel



GENERAL POPE'S ARMY RE-CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT THE BRIDGE OF THE ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD—ARTILLERY FORDING THE STREAM, AUGUST 28.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.

that may be sent to him between now and the 1st of January, 1863. Should any Novel other than the Prize Novel be regarded as of value, he will open negotiations with their authors for their purchase. Those not accepted will be scrupulously returned to their authors, with strictest reserve.

All productions should be directed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y., and endorsed "Prize Novel."

We respectfully request our brethren of the press not less for the sake of American Literature and American Authors than for our own, to give publicity to the above offer.

N.B.—We have received a number of communications relating to the notice "To the Literary Public," on our first page; some of these containing suggestions and hints worthy of attention, which will be given to them in our ensuing number. Meantime, we may remark that the Tale or Novel which we desire to obtain should be of the average proportions of the popular novels of the day.

Barnum's American Museum.

GEN. TOM THUMB AND COM. NUTT, the two rival dwarfs, are giving exhibitions daily for a prize of \$1,000. New Tropical Fish in the Aquarium, and all the old novelties, besides a splendid Farce every afternoon and evening. Admission to all only 25 cts. Children under ten 15 cts.

Nixon's Cremorne Garden,

OPEN EVERY EVENING, AND WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS. PANTOMIME, BALLET, PROMENADE MUSIC AND EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES. Admission to the three entertainments, 25 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor — E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED.

A Book for Everybody.

THE HEROIC INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

100 pages, with 40 beautiful Illustrations, by the first Artists.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y.

NOTICE.

We have three Artists with the Army before Washington. We present a few of their sketches of recent events, from the field. More have arrived and are coming, all of which will be presented in our next, completely illustrating the crisis through which the Nation is passing.

OUR NEW TALE.

It is seldom a story has appeared at once so deeply interesting, so admirably written, and with so pure and profound a moral as **Verner's Pride**,

now publishing in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. It is from the pen of Mrs. Henry Wood, authoress of "East Lynne," etc., etc., who now stands acknowledged the first romancist of the age. The singular unanimity of all the high European critical authorities is conclusive on this point. Reviews which have become bywords for the caution of their award, and the grudging coldness of their praise, are enthusiastic in their estimate of Mrs. Wood's genius, which is guided by such artistic judgment that it becomes a positive faculty. It is not too much to say that if any woman deserved the title of Walter Scott's sister, the authoress of "Verner's Pride" is that one. Her descriptions of home life and rural scenery are perfect, while the quiet force with which she works up her scenes is a marvel of science.

The London Spectator, one of the most frigid of judges, especially praises her dialogue, while the London Examiner awards to her the need of framing a plot not second to Wilkie Collins; an extraordinary admission, as he is considered the greatest constructor of romance since the days of Fielding. The Saturday Review, although not reliable on American politics, is still a safe authority in literary matters, and it unhesitatingly pronounces "Mrs. Wood as the great exponent of Modern Fiction." It is, however, needless to accumulate these testimonies to the genius of an author, when every one of our readers can satisfy himself by perusing the thrilling romance now publishing in our paper. Our synopsis necessarily gives a very faint idea of the breathless force of the preceding chapters, but it enables those who have not read them to learn sufficient of the story to connect it with the present instalment.

The National Crisis.

The Battle Week before the Capitol.

THE past week has been full of momentous events, and as we write the boom of battle echoes from the fields of Virginia in front of Washington, where the two largest armies ever got together on this continent are locked in a death struggle. Relieved by the retreat of McClellan from all fear for Richmond, and seeking to anticipate the organization of the second grand army now gathering like a thunder-cloud in the North, the rebel Generals, in sheer despair, have hazarded their cause on a last desperate effort, and with unexampled audacity and vigor have hurled the whole of their army of Richmond on the Capitol of the Nation. They seem to have felt that, at worst, they could only anticipate the certain fate which awaited them if the armies of the North should again take the field, and they trusted, like gamblers, to the chances of success which audacity, recklessness and desperation often create. The result of their mad advance may prove that to dare is to do, and they may gain for their reeling cause a new lease of existence, and possible ultimate success. But should they fail, then will they be fallen indeed, for never again can they take the field with their present force, or present to the world a front so imposing. In a word, they have forced the war to a crisis, and have narrowed the question of their further existence within the solution of a day. We await the result with calm confidence

in the strength and recuperative vigor of the Nation, and with a firm conviction that it will survive, in its integrity, treachery within, the incompetence of its Generals in the field, and the fanatic assaults of its enemies from without.

Out of the contradictory accounts which have reached us from Virginia, complicated and confused by injudicious interference with the transmission of intelligence on the part of the Government, it is almost impossible to evolve a connected recital of events.

To understand the movements that have taken place, we must premise that Gen. McClellan's "grand strategic movement" from the swamps of the Chickahominy to the James river had this net result—the demonstration of the fact that he had got himself in a position whence advance was impossible, and where his whole force was in a condition of blockade, unavailable for any military purpose whatever. It could not leave the friendly protection of the gunboats. To relieve this army from the straits to which the incompetence of its commander had reduced it, was the first care of Gen. Halleck on assuming the chief command. To this end he sent Gen. Pope, at the head of a small column, consisting of Gens. McDowell's, Sigel's and Banks's divisions, to threaten the great rebel base line of operations, the Virginia Central Railway, and the rebel depot of supplies at Gordonsville, rightly anticipating that to secure these would draw off so large a force from Richmond as to prevent what remained of its garrison from following Gen. McClellan and disturbing his retreat. Gen. Pope accordingly pushed forward beyond the Rappahannock and across the Rapidan with rapidity and vigor, fighting the battle of Cedar Mountain on the 9th of August, against superior forces, and compelling the partial evacuation of Richmond. McClellan seized the opportunity to slip away from his "admirable position" on the James river. It was intended that he should transfer his forces rapidly to Aquia Creek and Alexandria, and thence advance promptly to reinforce Pope, against whose relatively feeble column, it was clear, the whole army of Richmond, now that the city was no longer threatened, would be hurled with all the rapidity of which the rebel Generals were capable.

McClellan moved from Harrison's Landing on the 12th of August, having at his command a fleet of transports more numerous than was ever under the control of any General for any purpose, and yet, with a procrastination and sluggishness as fatal and criminal as characteristic, he dallied and dawdled on the road; and even when he reached Alexandria, with the main body of his army, instead of sending it forward to protect the rear of Pope, who was skirmishing and fighting on the line of the Rappahannock against numbers double his own, he (McClellan) went off to Washington, and wasted two precious days in determining the paltry and utterly contemptible question of relative rank. It was this delay which enabled the rebels, by a rapid flank movement, to get in the rear of Pope, cut off his supplies, destroy our stores at Manassas, and imperil the Capitol. Pope's forces, spread for twenty miles along the north bank of the Rappahannock, had effectually checked the rebel advance by a direct route. But Pope was too weak numerically to defend the whole line from Fredericksburg to the Blue Ridge, and as he had a right to believe that McClellan would cover his rear, he contented himself with holding the enemy, as he supposed, in check. But McClellan was in Washington, and the bulk of his army idle at Alexandria! On the other hand, the enemy, as we have said, by a rapid forced march, turned Pope's flank at the base of the Blue Ridge, and threw themselves in force on the position of Centreville and Manassas, capturing the scattered guards, destroying supplies and interrupting the railway—a brilliant and successful manœuvre. Pope suddenly found himself cut off from reinforcements and supplies; but instead of retreating down the Rappahannock, with the sacrifice of his artillery and equipments, straight for the cover of the nearest gunboats on the Potomac (as McClellan would have done), he turned boldly round, and with a splendid audacity hurled one division of his force on the centre of the enemy's advancing column, while with the other, under his own command, he aimed a staggering blow at its head at Manassas. He regained that position, occupied Centreville, opened his communication with Washington, and then, with only the aid of the indomitable Heintzelman's corps of McClellan's army, on Friday, August 29th, fought the second battle of Bull Run—the severest, probably, of the war—driving the enemy from the field. As will be seen from his official dispatches, the National loss—not yet ascertained, however—probably amounts to 8,000 killed and wounded.

The victory was great but not decisive, and had Pope's shattered and exhausted army been promptly and adequately reinforced, he could, no doubt, have converted the defeat of Friday into an utter rout on Saturday. But his army, exhausted with two weeks of marching and almost constant fighting, was not reinforced. It seems that Porter's corps came to his aid on Friday night, but meantime the enemy had concentrated all his forces, so that when Pope attacked on Saturday, he found himself opposed by superior numbers, and was obliged to fall back to Centreville, to meet the commands of Sumner and Franklin, of McClellan's army, who seem to have been inspired with the same dilatory spirit with their commander, and to share, if not exaggerate, his inefficiency. Whether they will reach Gen. Pope in time to enable him to renew the offensive and crush the rebels in front, before they shall effect a retreat, remains to be disclosed. A day or an hour may give us the result. Meantime the people of the loyal States are on the tiptoe of suspense. It is certain that the bulk and the flower of the rebel army is in front of Centreville. The roar of cannon and the smell of gunpowder reach the Capitol of the Nation. Whatever may have been the early plans of the rebel commanders, they have been defeated, and they are now brought to bay on the very spot where they first defied the majesty of the Nation. There they must be brought to a bloody accountability for their impious treason, and be crushed for ever into the earth, and with them the rebellion of which they are the embodiment and principal support.

We will not permit ourselves to contemplate the reverse

of this result, with its humiliations, its years of war, its hecatombs of lives, its wasted treasures, and wreck of National greatness.

Gen. Pope's Official Dispatches.

No. I.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, Aug. 28.—10 P. M.

To Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief.

As soon as I discovered that a large force of the enemy was turning our right towards Manassas, and that the division I had ordered to take post there two days before had not yet arrived from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camp at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched rapidly back in three columns. I directed McDowell, with his own and Sigel's corps, to march upon Gainesville by the Warrenton and Alexandria pike; Reno and one division of Heintzelman to march on Greenwich, and with Porter's corps and Hooker's division, I marched back to Manassas Junction.

McDowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy which had passed down to Manassas, through Gainesville, and his main body moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished. Longstreet, who had passed through the Gap, being driven back to the west side. The forces to Greenwich were designed to support McDowell in case he met too large a force of the enemy.

The division of Hooker, marching toward Manassas, came upon the enemy, near Rattle Run, in the afternoon of the 27th, and after a sharp action, routed them completely, killing and wounding 300, capturing camps and baggage and many stand of arms. This morning the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated three hours in advance. He retreated by Centreville, and took the turnpike towards Warrenton. He was met six miles west of Centreville by McDowell and Sigel, late this afternoon. A severe fight took place, which was terminated by darkness. The enemy was driven back at all points, and thus the affair rests.

Heintzelman's corps will move on him at daylight, from Centreville, and I do not see how the enemy is to escape without heavy loss. We have captured 1,000 prisoners, many arms and one piece of artillery.

JOHN POPE, Major-General.

No. II.

HEADQUARTERS FIELD OF BATTLE,

GROVETON, near Gainesville,

August 30, 1862.

To Maj.-Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington, D. C.

We fought a terrific battle here yesterday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy.

Our troops are too much exhausted to push matters, but I shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitz-John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas.

The enemy is still in our front, but badly used up. We have lost not less than 8,000 men killed and wounded, and from the appearance of the field the enemy have lost at least two to one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves.

Our troops have behaved splendidly.

The battle was fought on the identical battlefield of Bull Run, which greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men.

The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy is retreating towards the mountains. I go forward at once to see.

We have made great captures, but I am not able yet to form an idea of their extent.

JOHN POPE,

Major-General Commanding.

The Patriotic Patience of the People.

WHEN the history of this eventful period comes to be written, the impartial historian will pause in his narration to express his astonishment that a people so tenacious of their individual rights and liberties, as ours, should ever have submitted so patiently and quietly as they have done to arbitrary arrests and imprisonments, and to assumptions of power on the part of the Government, such as few despots have dared to exercise during this century. And he will pay a high compliment to the patriotic spirit and forbearance that induced men to submit to executive and administrative waywardness and high encroachments on the rights of the people, as an incident perhaps unavoidable to the suppression of rebellion and the preservation of the National integrity. But it will be most unfortunate for the reputation of this generation if the historian, unable to appreciate its grand devotion, shall impute its submission to acts that a Bourbon would blush to authorize, to a pusillanimous spirit and the decline of that public virtue which inspired a Hampden, and gave to America a Henry and an Otis. As justly observed by a daily contemporary:

"It is an extraordinary spectacle which we have witnessed for the last year—a free people, the freest on earth, tenacious of their rights, imperious for the largest liberty, quietly submitting to the suspension of their rights and liberties, to a restricted freedom of the press, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, imprisonments without trial, liberations without reparation. The President of the United States and his advisers will terribly mistake the temper of the American people, the secret of their submission to, or their demand for, these stretches of executive power, if they presume or act upon the presumption that they will tolerate them for any other end whatever than the suppression of the rebellion."

The "Regeneration" of Mexico.

THE European papers in the pay of the French Emperor sustain his intervention in Mexico on the high ground that the "reorganization" of that country is essential to humanity, and that the Emperor has undertaken the task of regeneration in the interests of civilization, with no ulterior or selfish purpose. But the consistent maintenance of this grand hypocrisy is difficult, if not impossible; and no one is surprised, however much he may be amused, at the manner in which the real purpose of the "raid" on Mexico is often unconsciously confessed by the Napoleonic oracles. The Paris La Patrie, in a late article, after playing on the high string through half a column, suddenly stops to remind Europe that scarcely sixteen years ago the United States flag floated over the Mexican capital, that the same victorious arms may again be found there, and that, in case of the annexation of Mexico to the United States, a great power would be established between the two oceans which would dictate its terms to the two worlds, regulate at will the rights of nations, hold in its hand the fate of their commerce, and threaten the colonies of Europe in the Pacific Ocean, and that this danger must be averted from Europe at any price.

And this is precisely why Louis Napoleon seeks to "regenerate" Mexico!

East Tennessee.

ONE of the standing enigmas of this war is the cruel and shameful neglect of loyal, devoted East Tennessee. The vast majority of the people of that free mountain region are Unionists, heart and soul, and yet they have been allowed to remain for a year and a half crushed under the heels of the rebels, and subject, high and low, male and female alike, to the most grinding oppression. Deprived of their arms, and overawed by an unscrupulous military force, they have been unable to strike a blow for their own deliverance. Their attempts to interrupt the great rebel line of

communication with the South-West, in aid of the Union movement elsewhere, have only entailed on them merciless persecution and death. Months have passed since the National troops obtained possession of Cumberland Gap, the key to the loyal region, but the garrison there has never been sufficiently reinforced to enable it to advance, and it is now surrounded by superior rebel forces, in danger of being cut off and the position lost. It is true that Buell was sent early in the summer to carry deliverance to East Tennessee, but he has dawdled on the road as usual, occupying himself in protecting rebel property, and in persecuting officers worthier than himself for the crime of efficiency! Truly, the Government cannot be held guiltless which permits this wretched apology for a General (one who confesses that he "don't know what the war is about!") to keep our loyal fellow-countrymen of East Tennessee in worse than Neapolitan bondage.

The Western papers contain an appeal from "Many East Tennesseans" which make the pulses leap, and which ought to inspire even a Buell with zeal for their deliverance. "In the name of Loyalty, of Justice, of Patriotism, in GOD'S NAME, let something be done for our wives and children!" Such is the conclusion of the adjuration which the loyal East Tennesseans address to the Nation. The persecuted and indomitable Brownlow also utters a cry of alarm, and makes an appeal to the Government, and after detailing the perilous position of affairs at Cumberland Gap, bluntly declares:

"If our Government does not intend a more energetic and sensible course of conduct, I advise the authorities to surrender to Jeff. Davis and his plundering and perfidious hordes."

Shameful indeed must be the neglect, and profound the despair which has wrung such words from such a man! "In GOD'S NAME let something be done!"

MEMENTO OF PITTSBURG FIGHT.—We have received from Capt. J. H. Stone, commanding the 2d battalion of the 1st Missouri State artillery, a "briar-root pipe" of quaint exterior and demonstrative odor, taken from the blood-red field of Shiloh—not from the spot where Johnson fell nor where Beauregard indited his lying dispatches, "but from a trench in which now lie 15 as brave Union soldiers as ever went into the field of battle." It was carefully tied up in "red tape," that being the only article of which the Corinth soldiers have a surplus—always excepting Brigadier-Generals!

MONOMANIA.—Mental phenomena seems to admit of no law; or rather, the laws which control them remain as yet unknown. Monomania, as its name implies, is madness in a specific direction; and yet how can we reconcile its existence with the exercise of the legitimate functions of reason in all other directions? It has been defined lately "as nothing but the monopoly of the mental vision by some single conception," and as a danger incident to certain kinds of poetic imaginations. But then experience shows us that people without the slightest suspicion of poetic imagination are often its victims, equally with those of the severest logical and mathematical turn of mind. Perhaps all speculators on the phenomena had best confess that we really know nothing of the subject, and that the mysteries of man are "past finding out," however little flattering the admission may be to our powers of penetration. We are led to these remarks by an incident related by the wife of the poet Shelley, merely observing, however, that in his case the poetic fervor may have been so powerful as absolutely to paralyze all voluntary power of deliberation or self-control. Lady Shelley says:

"Another vision appeared to Shelley on the evening of May 6th, when he and Williams were walking together on the terrace. The story is thus recorded by the latter in his diary:

"Fine. Some heavy drops of rain fell without a cloud being visible. After tea, while talking with S. on the terrace, and observing the effect of moonshine on the waters, he complained of being unusually nervous, and, stopping short, he grasped me violently by the arm, and stared steadfastly on the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing him sensibly affected, I demanded of him if he was in pain; but he only answered by saying, 'There it is again! there!' He recovered after some time, and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child (Allegro, who had recently died) rise from the sea, and clasp its hands as if in joy, smiling at him."

GUNS AND ARMOR.—Another trial has been made in England with the Armstrong 300-pounder smooth-bore gun against iron plates, at a range of 200 yards. The target presented a portion of the side of the new class of steam frigates. The armor was 5½ inches thick, instead of 4½, as in the Warrior, but the thickness of the teak backing was reduced from 18 inches to 9. For the first three trials the shot was of cast iron, and the charge 50 pounds as usual. No. 1 struck and pierced the centre plate, damaging but not passing through the inner skin and framing. No. 2 struck the upper plate, and went completely through armor, timber and skin. No. 3 was directed against the lower plate, and, like No. 2, passed quite through the target. At the fourth round the gun gave way, the breech being blown backward to a distance of 30 or 40 yards.

JOHN BELL.—The secret history of the Great Rebellion remains to be written. We already get occasional scraps of revelation as to the motives and conduct of its principal movers, which make us blush for humanity. The latest of these is furnished by Mr. Hurley, formerly editor of the Nashville (Tenn.) Democrat, relative to Mr. John Bell, the "Bell and Everett" candidate for the Presidency in the fall of 1860. In a recent address to the people of Tennessee, Mr. Hurley says that at the time of Mr. Lincoln's election—

"Mr. Bell's friends mostly agreed to submit. Mr. Bell was at Washington during the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, willing to accept a Cabinet appointment under Mr. Lincoln, as is well known. In this, however, his friends failed, and Mr. Bell, at a very early day, identified himself with Secession, as did most of his leading friends in the State. I had agreed to submit Mr. Bell from any attacks incident to his accepting such appointment."

In the British House of Lords, Lord Shaftesbury lately expressed his belief that "there is more cotton lying idle in India than would keep going all the mills in Lancashire." He added that, according to his information, the quantity of this precious article ready for market is about 6,000,000 bales.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—This particular favorite of the ladies has been received, and certainly all that a lady could desire may be found in it. It stands unrivalled as a ladies' magazine, and we advise our lady friends to procure it without delay. Terms, \$3 a year. Address Frank Leslie, New York City.—*Hanover (Pa.) Spectator*, August 15.

The conviction is deepening that Gen. Ben. F. Butler was either created for New Orleans or New Orleans for him—precisely which is not clear. The manner in which he sweeps away lying pretexts and sophistries of all sorts is something to admire now, and will become a proverb hereafter. He lately issued an order requiring the citizens of New Orleans to "pass in" their arms, to which order one of the Secessionist for-ign Consuls, "Count Mejan," styling himself French Consul, took exceptions, in a long and sophistical letter. Butler's reply showed up the sneaking foreign abettor of treason in his true light. We extract a single paragraph:

"I take leave to call your attention to the fact that the United States forces gave every immunity to Monsieur Bonnegras, who claimed to be the French Consul of Baton Rouge; allowed him to keep his arms, and relied upon his neutrality; but his son was taken prisoner on the battle field, in arms against us."

"You will also do me the favor to remember that very few of the French subjects here have taken the oath of neutrality, which was

offered to, but not required of them, by my Order No. 41; although all the officers of the French Legion had, with your knowledge and assent, taken the oath to support the Constitution of the Confederate States. Thus, you see, I have no guarantee for the good faith of bad men."

HOW OTHERS SEE US.—Under this heading we last week quoted some extracts from a friendly journal in England, the *London Spectator*. We append another paragraph or two. Of McClellan:

"It is beginning to be clear what manner of General the 'young Napoleon' is. He is probably a very excellent one, who would do much and go far had he only regular troops. He has secured the confidence of his army, and brought it into a fair state of discipline, organized an admirable commissariat, and with an incompetent staff moved enormous bodies of men with very considerable skill. But he has no idea whatever of revolutionary war, no conception of the moral effect of incessant attack and victory, no sense of the fact that in such regions a day's delay kills more than a doubtful battle. He will judge as a soldier instead of a revolutionary chief, and remain in the excellent position he has selected without thought of the Republic which his delay chills to the bone."

It is a significant fact that the democratic successor suggested for Mr. Stanton is Gen. Halleck, who is Mr. Stanton in uniform instead of in a black coat. There is no revolutionary energy anywhere except among the Abolitionists, who have never yet been a governing party, and whose chiefs are not men the Americans would obey. The old Democrats are mouing over petty breaches of a Constitution which disappeared when Sumter fell; the old Republicans are defending their new position, and the new Republicans have evidently still to gain the people's ear."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London American* states that in a recent conversation, one of the editors of the *Times* gave as a reason for the hostility of that sheet to the United States the late alarming increase of American power and prosperity, endangering the naval supremacy of England. "If this goes on," said this editor of the *Times*, "the American Republic will become too great for us; it is therefore important to cripple its growth and weaken this dangerous power; and this may be done by helping to rend asunder the United States."

FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.—The August number of *Frank Leslie's Monthly and Gazette of Fashion* is before us. It abounds with fine plates, elegant illustrations, the best of stories and poetry, and everything that a lady desires to know of the latest fashions. One of the leading features of this valuable publication is its literary department, embracing Biographies of eminent men, Romances of the most brilliant character, and Tales of interest, which are adapted to almost every class of readers. This Magazine is highly appreciated by the many thousand families who patronize it.—*Sentinel, Plattsburg, N. Y.*

The 108th New York regiment (Rochester) has a company of Sharpshooters, and an artillery corps of 150 men with a novel battery of guns capable of discharging 200 bullets per minute, commanded by Capt. Mack, the inventor of the gun. There is reason to believe that this battery will be able to silence an ordinary battery of artillery in the course of a few minutes, by killing all the men working it, as the 10 guns will throw 2,000 shots per minute. Each of the pieces is provided with a telescopic sight, and the aim, which is easily controlled, is said to be more perfect than that attained by the best marksmen.

ENGLAND AT WAR WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.—The captain of the English steamer *Columbia*, captured by the *Santiago*, had no papers except a clearance from Nassau for St. Johns. On being asked what the Armstrong guns and other arms were for, he answered, "To use against the Esquimaux Indians." There was more wit in this than in many of the English explanations, and quite as much truth.

THE DRAFT.—A recruiting tent in this city has this motto: "Come in out of the Draft."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—This splendid paper, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, keeps good its enormous circulation in the loyal States, and we may add that it abundantly deserves the patronage that it receives. No one who is not familiar with this publication can have any idea of the amount of labor, expense and energy expended upon the illustrations which it offers, each week, to the public. Not an important battle-scene since the outbreak of the war, not a besieged town or rebel stronghold, not a prominent Union or rebel officer but has been transferred to paper by the Artists in Leslie's employ, and through the pages of the weekly are made familiar pictures in hundreds of thousands of families throughout our country. Joined with these illustrations are accurate and concise accounts of all important military movements, and brief biographies of the prominent generals and statesmen of the day.

In fact the Weekly is a fully and splendidly illustrated history of the times, highly valuable, not only for present reading, but for preservation as a future reference. In the editorial department this paper is thoroughly loyal and commendably earnest, and is exercising a powerful influence in sustaining the Government in the present emergency. In addition to this, it gives a large amount of miscellaneous reading, tales, poetry, etc., of the highest order.

The price is \$2 50 a year, or \$1 in clubs. Address FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y.—*Express, Monteville, Minn.*

HOW MANASSAS COULD HAVE BEEN TAKEN.—The traitor Maury, who, it will be remembered, was Superintendent of the National Observatory before he went over to the rebels, has written a letter to Admiral de Chabannes of the French Navy, which is published at length in the *London Herald*. Among other things he says of the delay of the National Commander ("Young Napoleon") before Manassas:

"It is a fact not known abroad, but I may state it now, that when this war commenced, and even after we had assembled an army in the field, such was the want of preparation, and such was the lack of munitions of war on our part, that there was not only not a percussion cap machine in the Confederacy, but when the army of Manassas took up its position it had but four rounds to the man. Had the enemy joined battle with us there a few weeks sooner than he did, we should, for the want of percussion caps, have had to quit the field or fight him entirely with the bayonet."

The Fall River boats, Metropolis and Empire State, have become so popular as to render any recommendation unnecessary; but as an act of justice to the excellent commanders of those floating palaces, Captains Brown and Brayton, we have great pleasure in adding our word of praise, having lately enjoyed their attentions.

A BATTLE IN A BURIAL-GROUND.—The battle of Baton Rouge was the first battle of the war actually fought in a burial-ground. One of the hardest contested points of the battle-field was a cemetery in which lie the bones of President Zachary Taylor. It was held alternately by either army, but finally occupied by the rebels, and from which, as the account says, "they never emerged."

The increased number of persons in New York wearing the sober livery of the respectable but unamiable society of Friends seems to have suggested the following epigram:—

Old Abe's a magellan whose talent extends
Even to making an army of Shakers;
For his late drafting order has made troops of Friends—
In fact, filled the city with Quakers!

ULTERIOR PURPOSES.—In common with a morning contemporary, we confess to an "ulterior purpose" in our criticisms on the conduct of the war. "It is to urge the President to use every means to effect and hasten the vigorous prosecution of the war, to throw away incompetent Generals as fast as their incompetency is demonstrated; to promote gallant, brave, efficient and successful Generals as fast as their ability and success are demonstrated, and to spare no head, however high, till the best and most competent instruments are in his hands for the suppression of the rebellion."

EXACTLY SO!—The first necessity of our position, therefore, is leadership—able, resolute and thoroughly loyal Generals. One who declares at the outset that he knows and cares nothing of the right or wrong of the contest will never win. One who holds that the rebels are substantially right and but technically, formally wrong, will never subserve any good purpose. * * * * * It matters little where a man was born, nor how he was educated, nor what are his ac-

quirements, so that he be a natural leader and warrior. The one question to be asked is, Does he succeed? If he has a habit of winning battles, put him ahead; if he is only good for making excuses for losing them, drop him! Put the men who win at the head of our replenished columns, give them arms, munitions, provisions and wagon-trains, and tell them to go ahead. If we can't beat the rebels with this immense levy, it will be because our Generals are good for nothing, and our management so bad as to render success impossible.—*Tribune*.

GEN. MITCHELL.—In the midst of the blunders and inaction of the armies of the West, in the midst of guerrilla raids and surrenders and retreats, which have lost to us in Tennessee about all we ever gained there, the Government thinks it best to leave without a command the only General, except Sigel, who has exhibited real military genius, the only General who, with inferior numbers, has invariably driven superior numbers before him, and with an unparalleled alacrity, energy and sagacity, has always accomplished more than was assigned him to undertake; who has always successfully attacked the enemy, and never yet has suffered the enemy to attack him. The people demand to know why Mitchell is without a command, while Buell is frittering away the National armies and discrediting the National name.

The *Sunday Mercury*, referring to the events before Washington, remarks: "We are having another week of battles, not however for the capture of Richmond, but for the preservation of Washington. The situation of affairs withal seems to be bravely altered. Then our army adopted a defensive policy in attacking Richmond, but now our armies attack the rebels to save the capital."

RECRUITING AND THE DRAFT.—Of the 600,000 men called for by the Government, the quota falling to New York is 118,808. Of these, September 1st, 76,764 have been recruited, leaving 42,044 to be drafted, 8,700 of which falling on the city of New York. To fill both requisitions, in the country at large, 441,164 have been recruited, leaving, to be supplied by draft, 121,232. The total amount raised in the loyal States for bounties is \$108,004,000, of which \$95,930,000 have been already paid.

HEINTZELMAN, HOOKER AND THE EXCELSIORS.—Why is it that Heintzelman's division, Hooker's command, and especially the Excelsior brigade, are always thrown into the jaws of every fight? Is it the ambition of Gen. McClellan to annihilate them entirely? Is it wholly fair not to give to other portions of the army an opportunity of distinction? From Williamsburg and Fair Oaks, to the new battle fields before Washington, wherever the fray was thickest and the carnage greatest, there have been found Heintzelman, Hooker and the Excelsiors, until the latter, who numbered nearly 5,000 strong at the outset can scarcely muster a regiment collectively. They shrink from no danger, but because they are ever ready, is the General commanding justified in killing them off entirely? Suppose he should try the experiment of putting his precious self and his pets somewhere near the front, if only for the sake of novelty! The latest accounts from the battlefield report the same old and glorious story. Says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*: "Gen. Sickles's Excelsior brigade was in the thickest of the fray, and right nobly did they sustain their former reputation won on the Peninsula before Yorktown and Richmond. The brigade has suffered severely." And the correspondent of the *Tribune* tells us: "The lieutenant who brought Sickles's brigade out of the action was released only six weeks ago from Richmond. His company came out of the action with 15 men. The brigade is now less than a regiment."

Mr. ORPHEUS C. KERR explains that the newspaper correspondents are excluded from the army "lest in their natural blackness of heart they should represent the advance on Washington into a retreat from Richmond." And he adds: "It is the simple duty of civilians, my boy, to implicitly trust our brass-buttoned Generals; of whom there are enough to furnish the whole world with war—and never finish it at that."

It is stated, on reliable authority, that the Government is not in possession of more arms, at present, than is sufficient to fit out the first 300,000 additional volunteers called for, and that the reserves, or 300,000 nine-months' men, would be compelled to go into their camps of instruction without more weapons than are needed for guard-duty. If this be the case there can be no objection to a general extension of the time of drafting, as the men will probably continue to volunteer, even without excessive bounties, as fast as they can be well armed and equipped.

The War Minister is represented in a very unusual and amiable light in the October number of *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, for that organ of Republican verity publishes the real correspondence between our excellent President and his old friend the "sponsible editor of the *Tribune*." Although the spirit is very much the same as that given in the daily papers, we find that the original is in verse, and we recommend our readers to see what excellent couplets the master of the White House writes. The best part of the *Budget*, however, is the pictorial department; here is full scope for our great artists. The present number is principally devoted to the "Humors of Drafting," and everybody, liable or not liable, should buy a copy, since it shows the only way in which this great National necessity should be met. No. 55 of the *Budget* is the *ne plus ultra* of fun.

LETTER FROM MR. FORBES, OUR ARTIST AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

FIELD OF BATTLE, Monday, Sept. 1st, 1862.

MR. FRANK LESLIE—DEAR SIR—I send with this letter sketches of the hard fought battles on the old field of Bull Run. I arrived on the ground just before the beginning of the fight. The scene, looking from the crest of the hill on our left, was very impressive. On the plain below lay large bodies of infantry; some in line of battle and others en masse. It reminded the spectator more of a grand review than of the beginning of an affair in which thousands would probably lay down their lives.

Our men were weary, tired and worn out by the long marches and excitement of the past 10 days, and required a stimulant until they got into the thickest of the fight; a hearty cheer and yell would be worth a thousand men at such a time, yet nobody seemed to feel the greatness of the occasion.

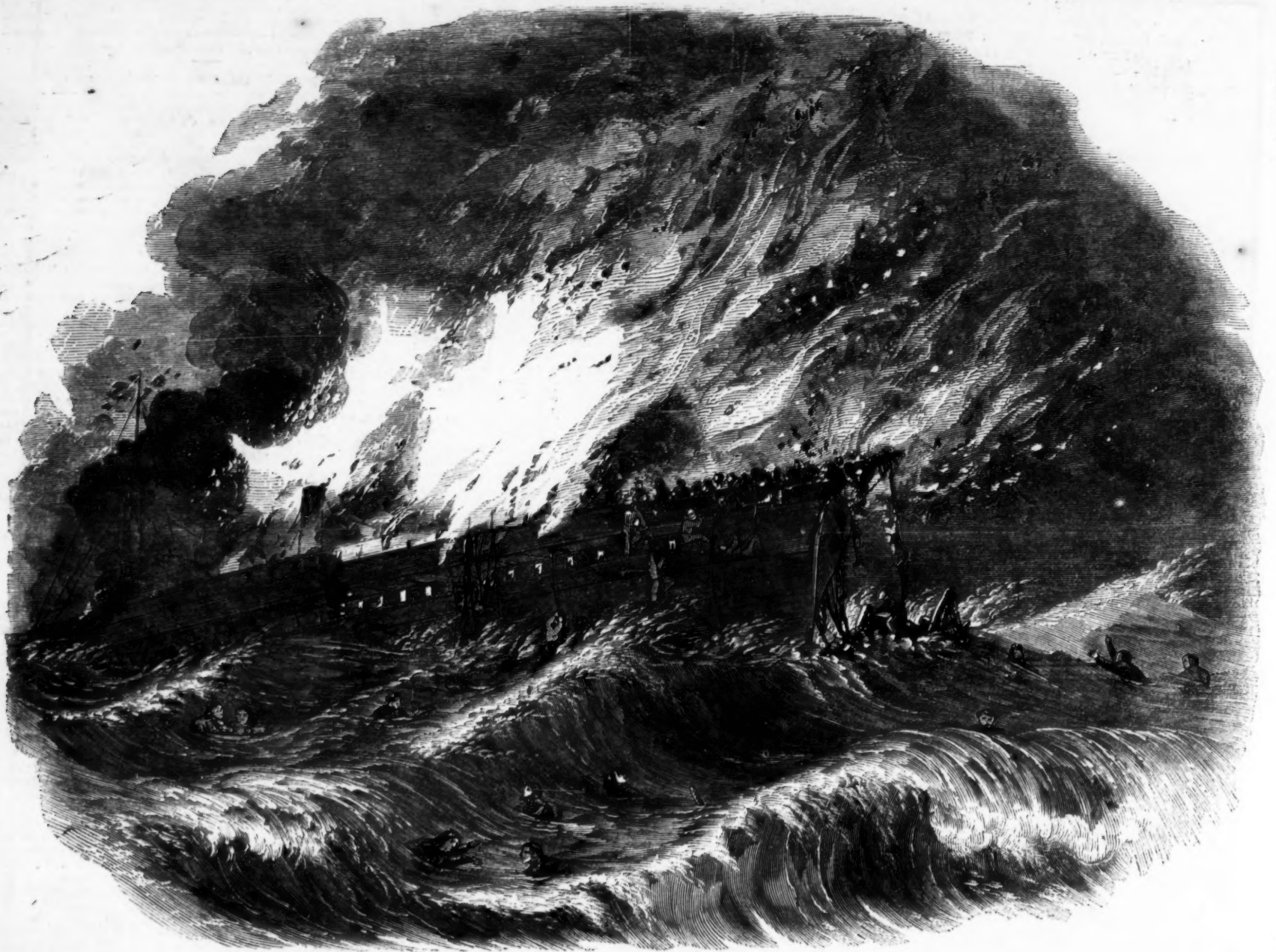
The fight was opened by our batteries in front of the hill and woods on the centre and left. It was immediately replied to by the enemy's batteries in the orchard and along the crest of the hill about three-quarters of a mile distant. After the artillery fighting had lasted some time, our infantry attacked the enemy's left flank. The fighting here was very severe; huge columns of yellow smoke rolled up from the roads; the faint rattle and roll of distant musketry came across the open fields, interrupted occasionally by the boom of a heavy gun. Meanwhile, the enemy were making a very serious attempt to turn our left. Part of Gen. McDowell's corps was sent to drive them back. They moved in solid column across the field from the right, while the enemy, in overpowering force, was pushing our small number back.

The fighting was terribly fierce at this point; the enemy throwing all their force on this flank. Our men retired across the field in the foreground and into the woods. On the right the enemy was driven from his position.

I have been at four battles where Jackson commanded the enemy's forces, and could not help remarking the similarity of the ground chosen by him in his several actions. His position is such that he invariably leaves a dense wood on one of our flanks and open ground on the other, and by moving his whole force under cover of the woods outflanks us.

I was in the hottest of the fire for quite awhile. When I attempted to get away I found myself cornered. I started with a party of skirmishers through a dense road, leading my horse, and after passing under a severe fire of shell, got a safe position.

Yours, EDWIN FORBES.



DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAMER GOLDEN GATE BY FIRE. JULY 27, ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST, NEAR MANZANILLA, ON HER PASSAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PANAMA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.
SEE PAGE 398.

A HUMOROUS LETTER FROM COL. MULLIGAN.

HEADQUARTERS, NEW CREEK, VA., Aug. 12, 1862.
Camp Commissary, Irish Brigade, 8th A. C.

MY DEAR FATHER DUNNE.—By the Chicago papers of to-day, I notice your promotion to the Colonelcy of the "Dunne Legion." I bid you welcome to the new vocation. I hail your conversion from the breviary to the bayonet, from the canon law to the law of cannons, from "taking heaven by violence" to taking towns by storm. It is meet and just. Your biographer will need a stirring chapter. Your history is too full of this "vale of tears," this martyrdom of parishes, this lean look of Lent. How splendidly will a chapter read with a caption, "*Arma virumque cano.*"

I need not tell you, Father Dunne, how intimately in all ecclesiastical history St. Peter and saltpetre are blended, shedding lustre upon many a mitre.

The real orthodoxy of the time is not "Gahan's Sermons," but Hardee's Tactics. Men are saved now-a-days by the doctrines of St. James, "by fire," and are brought to that state of grace by the "apostolic blows and knocks" of Hudibras.

To be a priest according to the order of Melchisedec is great thing, but to be a Colonel according to the act of Congress is, speaking mildly—"bully."

But, joking aside, I have only a moment before going to dress parade. I seriously hope your good and patriotic efforts to rouse our countrymen to their duty may be crowned with immediate success. Destroy this Government, and what safety remains for our homes, what honors in our history? In the past is the memory of greatness, in the future anarchy, self-contempt and foreign scorn. Rather dare all now, preserve the Government, vindicate its strength, and the Republic passed through this crisis will stand with such assured dignity and firmness through all the coming centuries, that no foe without or Judas within shall ever dare to raise an armed hand against her. And history shall place some of this grand balance to the account of you and your legion.

How little, dear father, did we dream in our student days,



MRS. WALLACE LEAPING FROM THE ROCKS.

as we sat under your professorship in the dear old halls of St. Mary, that these things would come upon us. Then we read revolutions, and now we fight them. I think of those times often amid the duties of camps and the labors and dangers of the march, with a relish that lightens the toil.

Good-bye. Success to the "Dunne Legion." The Irish brigade of Mulligan, from the fields of Virginia, bids it God speed. I recognize among the officers many of my friends; give them my best regards.

Remember me kindly to Dr. John. I hear that St. Mary's—long may she wave!—under his able care is flourishing. Have you heard from our good bishop?

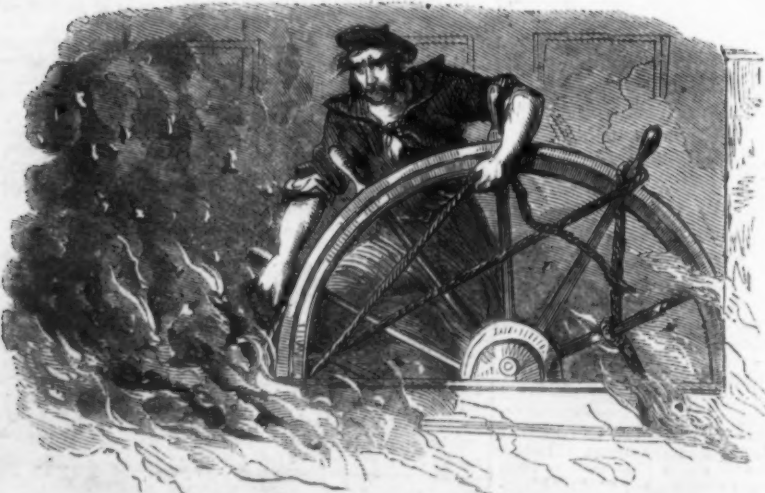
Your pupil and friend,

JAS. A. MULLIGAN.

To Very Rev. D. Dunne, Chicago.

A FOLLOWER OF HIM WHO HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.—John George de la Poer Beresford lately died in Ireland, in the 90th year of his age, an aged prelate of the Protestant Church, who first wore the mitre, as Bishop of Cork, in 1806, and subsequently translated (or promoted) to two other sees, was made Archbishop of Armagh and Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland in 1822. For over 50 years his income as Archbishop averaged some \$200,000 a year, but the Church Temporalities Act of 1833 cut it down, after this occupant's death, to only \$72,470 per annum, with a Palace of Armagh, free of rent. He received more than \$10,000,000 income during his occupancy of 40 years. He was never married. He has left over \$5,000,000 to his relatives, chief among whom is his grand-nephew, the Marquis of Waterford. He was easy of access, very charitable, and truly liberal in his bearing to the ministers and members of other religious persuasions.

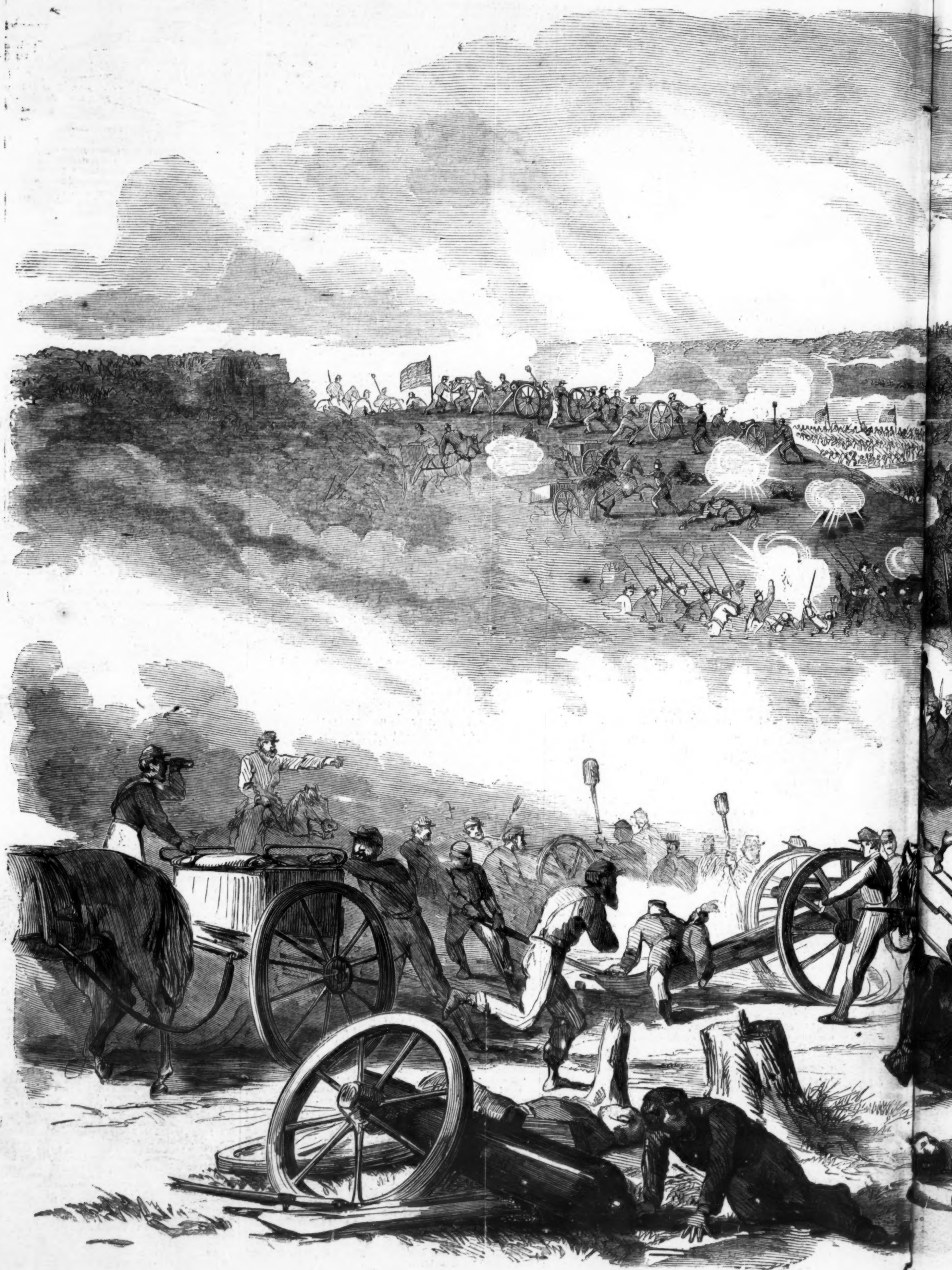
LOUIS BLANC has just completed the 12th and last volume of his "History of the French Revolution." The work was commenced 17 years ago.

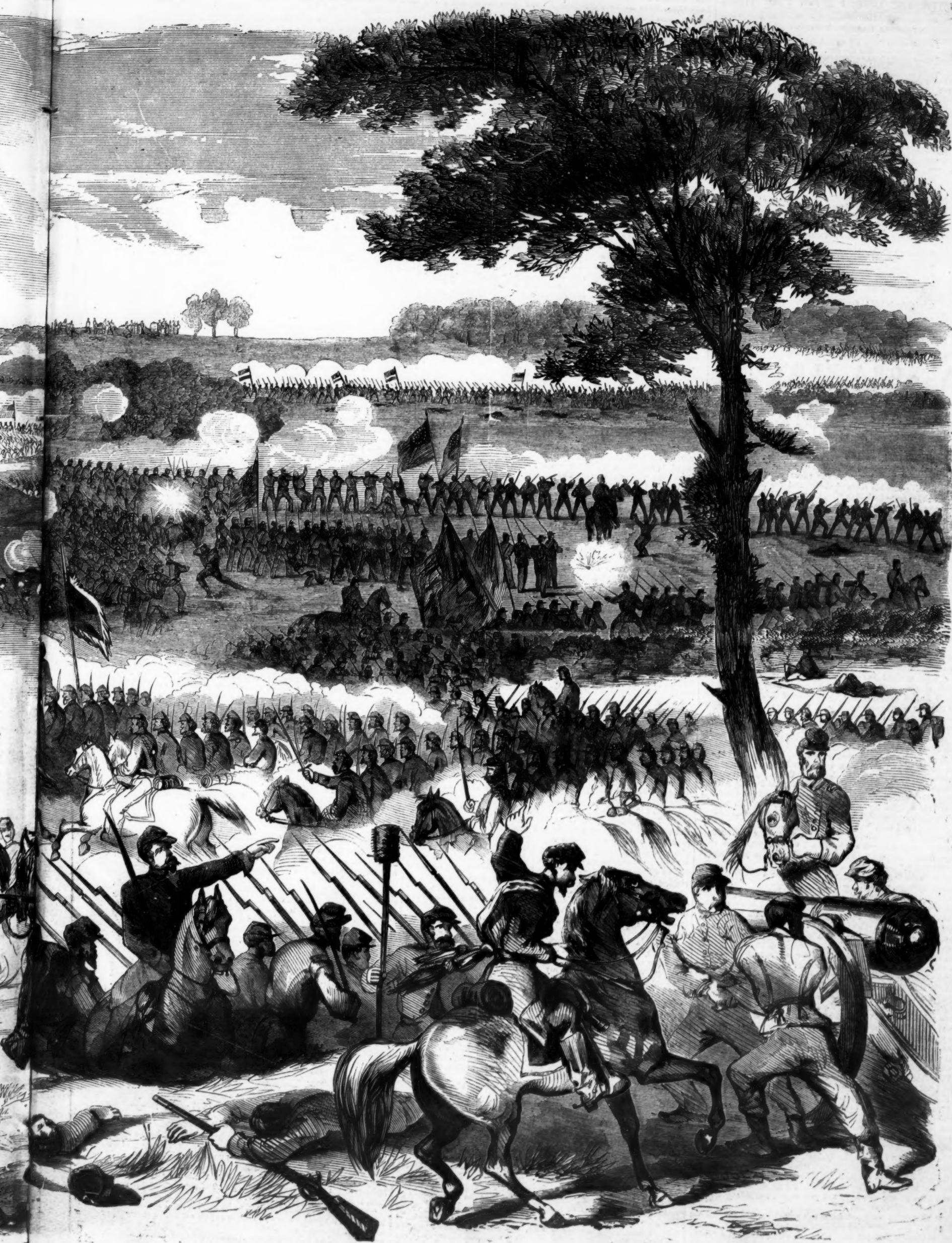


HEROIC CONDUCT OF THE HELMSMAN OF THE GOLDEN GATE, STEERING IN THE MIDST OF THE FLAMES.



BURYING SOME OF THE DROWNED PASSENGERS IN THE SANDS.





"THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OFFER THEE THREE THINGS."

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In poisonous dens, where traitors hide
Like bats that fear the day,
While all the land our charters claim
Is sweating blood and breathing flame,
Dead to their country's we and shame,
The recreants whisper STAY!

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires
On love's own altars glow,
The mother hides her trembling fear,
The wife, the sister checks a tear,
To breathe the parting word of cheer,
Soldier of Freedom, Go!

In halls where Luxury lies at ease,
And Mammon keeps his state,
Where flatterers fawn and menials crouch,
The dreamer, startled from his couch,
Wrings a few counters from his pouch,
And murmurs faintly WAIT!

In weary camps, on trampled plains
That ring with life and drum,
The battling host, whose harness gleams
Along the crimson-flowing streams,
Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,
We want you, Brother! COME!

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do—
To go, to wait, to stay!
Sons of the freedom-loving town,
Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,
The servile yoke, the civic crown
Await your choice TO-DAY!

The stake is laid! O gallant youth
With yet unsilvered brow,
If Heaven should lose and Hell should win,
On whom shall lie the mortal sin,
Whose record is, *It might have been?*
God calls you—answer NOW!

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER XXII.—STILL CONSTANT.

MR. JAMES CONYERS took his breakfast in his own apartment upon the morning after his visit to Doncaster, and Stephen Hargraves waited upon him; carrying him a basin of muddy coffee, and enduring his ill-humor with the long suffering which seemed peculiar to his hump-backed, low-voiced stable-helper.

The trainer rejected the coffee, and called for a pipe, and lay smoking half the summer morning, with the scent of the roses and honeysuckle floating into his close chamber, and the July sunshine glorifying the sham roses and blue lilies that twisted themselves in floricultural monotony about the cheap paper on the walls.

The Softy cleaned his master's boots, set them in the sunshine to air, washed the breakfast-things, swept the doorstep, and then seated himself upon it to ruminate, with his elbows on his knees and his hands twisted in his coarse red hair. The silence of the summer atmosphere was only broken by the drowsy hum of the insects in the wood, and the occasional dropping of some early-blighted leaf.

Mr. Conyers' temper had been in no manner improved by his night's dissipation in the town of Doncaster. Heaven knows what entertainment he had found in those lonely streets, that grass-grown market-place and tenantless stalls, or that dreary and hermetically-sealed building, which looks like a prison on three sides and a chapel on the fourth, and which, during the September meeting, bursts suddenly into life and light with huge posters flaring against its gaunt walls, and a bright blue-ink announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, or Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen, for five nights only. Normal amusement in the town of Doncaster between these two oases in the year's dreary circle, the spring and autumn meetings, there is none. But of abnormal and special entertainment there may be much; only known to such men as Mr. James Conyers, to whom the most sinuous alley is a pleasant road, so long as it leads, directly or indirectly, to the betting-man's god—Money!

However this might be, Mr. Conyers bore upon him all the symptoms of having, as the popular phrase has it, made a night of it. His eyes were dim and glassy; his tongue hot and furred, and uncomfortably large for his parched mouth; his hand so shaky that the operation which he performed with a razor before his looking-glass was a toss-up between suicide and shaving. His heavy head seemed to have been transformed into a leaden box full of buzzing noises; and after getting half through his toilet he gave it up for a bad job, and threw himself upon the bed he had just left, a victim to that biliary derangement which inevitably follows an injudicious admixture of alcoholic and malt liquors.

"A tumbler of Hockheimer," he muttered, "or even the third-rate Chablis they give one at a *table-d'hôte*, would freshen me up a little; but there's nothing to be had in this abominable place except brandy-and-water."

He called to the Softy, and ordered him to mix a tumbler of the last-named beverage, cold and weak.

Mr. Conyers drained the cool and lucid draught, and flung himself back upon the pillow with a sigh of relief. He knew that he would be thirty again in five or ten minutes, and that the respite was a brief one; but still it was a respite.

"Have they come home?" he asked.

"Who?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Mellish, you idiot!" answered the trainer, fiercely. "Who else should I bother my head about? Did they come home last night while I was away?"

The Softy told his master that he had seen one of the carriages drive past the north gates at a little after 10 o'clock upon the preceding night, and that he supposed it contained Mr. and Mrs. Mellish.

"Then you'd better go up to the house and make sure," said Mr. Conyers; "I want to know."

"Go up to th' house?"

"Yes, coward! yes, sneak! Do you suppose that Mrs. Mellish will eat you?"

"I don't suppose nought o' t' sort," answered the Softy, sulkily, "but I'd rather not go."

"But I tell you I want to know," said Mr. Conyers; "I want to know if Mrs. Mellish is at home, and what she's up to, and whether there are any visitors at the house, and all about her. Do you understand?"

"Yes, it's easy enough to understand, but it's rare and difficult to do," replied Stevie Hargraves. "How am I to find out? Who's to tell me?"

"How do I know?" cried the trainer, impatiently; for Stephen Hargraves' slow, dogged stupidity was throwing the dashing James Conyers into a fever of vexation. "How do I know? Don't you see that I'm too ill to stir from this bed? I'd go myself if I wasn't. And can't you go and do what I tell you without standing arguing there until you drive me mad?"

Stevie Hargraves muttered some sulky apology, and shuffled out of the room. Mr. Conyers's handsome eyes followed him with a dark frown. It is not a pleasant state of health which succeeds a drunken debauch; and the trainer was angry with himself for the weakness which had taken him to Doncaster upon the preceding evening, and thereby inclined to vent his anger upon other people.

There is a great deal of vicarious penance done in this world.

Lady's-maids are apt to suffer for the follies of their mistresses, and Lady Clara Vere de Vere's French Abigail is extremely likely to have to atone for young Laurence's death by patient endurance of my lady's ill-temper and much unpicking and remaking of bodices, which would have fitted her ladyship well enough in any other state of mind than the remorseful misery which is engendered of an evil conscience. The ugly gash across young Laurence's throat, to say nothing of the cruel slanders circulated after the inquest, may make life almost unendurable to the poor weak nursery-governess who educates Lady Clara's younger sisters; and the younger sisters themselves, and mamma and papa, and my lady's youthful confidantes, and even her haughtiest adorers, all have their share in the expiation of her ladyship's wickedness. For she will not—or she cannot—meekly own that she has been guilty, and shut herself away from the world, to make her own atonement and work her own redemption. So she thrusts the burden of her sins upon other people's shoulders, and travels the first stage to captious and disappointed old-maidism.

The commercial gentlemen may make awkward mistakes in the city, the devotees of the turf, whose misfortunes keep them away from Mr. Tattersal's premises on a settling-day, can make innocent women and children carry the weight of their sins and suffer the penalties of their foolishness.

Papa still smokes his Cabanas at fourpence-halfpenny apiece, or his mild Turkish at nine shillings a pound, and still dines at the "Crown and Sceptre" in the drowsy summer weather, when the bees are asleep in the flowers of Morden College, and the fragrant hay newly stacked in the meadows beyond Blackheath. But mamma must wear her faded silk, or have it dyed, as the case may be; and the children must forego the promised happiness, the wild delight, of sunny rambles on a shingly beach, bordered by yellow sands that stretch away to hug an ever-changeable and yet ever-constant ocean in their tawny arms. And not only mamma and the little ones, but other mothers and other little ones, must help in the heavy sum of penance for the defaulter's iniquities.

The baker may have calculated upon receiving that long-standing account, and may have planned a new gown for his wife, and a summer treat for his little ones, to be paid for by the expected money; and the honest tradesman, soured by the disappointment of having to disappoint those he loves, is likely to be cross to them into the bargain; and even to grudge her Sunday out to the household drudge who waits at his little table. The influence of the strong man's evil deed slowly percolates through insidious channels of which he never knows or dreams.

The deed of folly or of guilt does its fatal work when the sinner who committed it has forgotten his wickedness. Who shall say where or when the results of one man's evil-doing shall cease? The seed of sin engenders no common root, shooting straight upwards through the earth and bearing a given crop. It is the germ of a foul running weed, whose straggling suckers travel underground, beyond the ken of mortal eye, beyond the power of mortal calculation.

If Louis XV. had been a conscientious man, terror and murder, misery and confusion, might never have reigned upon the darkened face of beautiful France. If Eve had rejected the fatal fruit, we might all have been in Eden to-day.

Mr. James Conyers, then, after the manner of mankind, vented his spleen upon the only person who came in his way, and was glad to be able to dispatch the Softy upon an unpleasant errand, and make his attendant as uncomfortable as he was himself.

"My head rooks as if I was on board a steam-packet," he muttered, as he lay alone in his little bedroom, "and my hand shakes so that I can't hold my pipe steady while I fill it. I'm in a nice state to have to talk to her. As if it wasn't as much as I can do at the best of times to be a match for her."

He flung aside his pipe half-filled, and turned his head wearily upon the pillow. The hot sun and the buzz of the insects tormented him. There was a big bluebottle fly blundering and wheeling about amongst the folds of the dimity curtains—a fly which seemed the very genius of *delirium tremens*; but the trainer was too ill to do more than swear at his purple-winged tormentor.

He was awakened from a half-dose by the treble voice of a small stable-boy in the room below. He called out angrily for the lad to come up and state his business. His business was a message from Mr. John Mellish, who wished to see the trainer immediately.

"Mr. Mellish," muttered James Conyers to himself. "Tell your master I'm too ill to stir, but that I'll wait upon him in the evening," he said to the boy. "You can see I'm ill, if you've got any eyes, and you can say that you found me in bed."

The lad departed with these instructions, and Mr. Conyers returned to his own thoughts, which appeared to be by no means agreeable to him.

To drink spirituous liquors and play all-fours in the sanded tap-room of a sporting public is no doubt a very delicious occupation, and would be altogether Elysian and unobjectionable if one could always be drinking spirits and playing all-fours. But as the finest picture ever painted by Raphael or Rubens is but a dead blank of canvas upon the reverse, so there is generally a disagreeable other side to all the pleasures of earth, and a certain reaction after card-playing and brandy-drinking, which is more than equivalent in misery to the pleasures which have preceded it. Mr. Conyers, tossing his hot head from side to side upon a pillow, which seemed even hotter, took a very different view of life to that which he had expounded to his boon companions only the night before in the tap-room of the Lion and Lamb, Doncaster.

"I should liked to have stopped over the Leger," he muttered, "for I meant to make a hatful of money out of the Conjuror; for if what they say at Richmond is anything like truth, he's safe to win. But there's no going against my lady when her mind's made up. It's take it or leave it—yes or no—and be quick about it."

Mr. Conyers garnished his speech with two or three expletives common enough amongst the men with whom he had lived, but not to be recorded here; and, closing his eyes, fell into a doze, a half-waking, half-sleeping torpidity, in which he felt as if his head had become a ton weight of iron, and was dragging him backwards through the pillow into a bottomless abyss.

While the trainer lay in this comfortless semi-slumber, Stephen Hargraves walked slowly and sulkily through the wood, on his way to the invisible fence, from which point he meant to reconnoitre the premises.

The irregular façade of the old house fronted him across the smooth breadth of lawn, dotted and broken by parti-colored flower-beds; by rustic clumps of gnarled oak supporting mighty clusters of vivid scarlet geraniums, all aflame in the sunshine; by trellised arches laden with trailing roses of every varying shade, from palest blush to deepest crimson; by groups of evergreens, whose every leaf was rich in beauty and luxuriance, whose every tangled garland would have made a worthy chaplet for a king.

The Softy, in the semi-darknesses of his soul, had some glimmer of that light which was altogether wanting in Mr. James Conyers. He felt that these things were beautiful. The broken lines of the ivy-covered house-front, Gothic here, Elizabethan there, were in some manner pleasant to him. The scattered rose-leaves on the lawn, the flickering shadows of the evergreens upon the grass, the song of the skylark too lazy to soar, and content to warble among the bushes, the rippling sound of a tiny waterfall far away in the wood, made a language of which he only understood a few straggling syllables here and there, but which was not altogether a meaningless jargon to him, as it was to the trainer, to whose mind Holborn Hill

would have conveyed as much of the sublime as the untrodden pathways of the Jungfrau. The Softy dimly perceived that Mellish Park was beautiful, and he felt a fiercer hatred against the person whose influence had ejected him from his old home.

The house fronted the south, and the Venetian shutters were all closed upon this hot summer's day. Stephen Hargraves looked for his old enemy, Bow-wow, who was likely enough to be lying on the broad stone steps before the hall door, but there was no sign of the dog's presence anywhere about. The hall door was closed, and the Venetian shutters, under the rose and clematis shadowed verandah which sheltered John Mellish's room, were also closed. The Softy walked round by the fence which encircled the lawn to another iron gate, which opened close to John's room, and which was so completely overshadowed by a clump of beeches as to form a safe point of observation. This gate had been left ajar, by Mr. Mellish himself most likely, for that gentleman had a happy knack of forgetting to shut the doors and gates which he opened, and the Softy, taking courage from the stillness around and about the house, ventured into the garden, and crept stealthily towards the closed shutters before the windows of Mr. Mellish's apartment, with much of the manner which might distinguish some wretched mongrel cur who trusts himself within earshot of a mastiff's kennel.

The mastiff was out of the way on this occasion, for one of the shutters was ajar, and when Stephen Hargraves peeped cautiously into the room, he was relieved to find it empty. John's elbow-chair was pushed a little way from the table, which was laden with open pistol-cases and breech-loading revolvers. These, with two or three silk handkerchiefs, a piece of chamois leather and a bottle of oil, bore witness that Mr. Mellish had been beguiling the morning by the pleasing occupation of inspecting and cleaning the firearms, which formed the chief ornament of his study.

It was his habit to begin this operation with great preparation, and altogether upon a gigantic scale, to reject all assistance with scorn, to put himself in a violent perspiration at the end of half an hour, and to send one of the servants to finish the business, and restore the room to its old order.

The Softy looked with a covetous eye at the noble array of guns and pistols. He had that innate love of these things which seems to be implanted in every breast, whatever its owner's state or station. He had hoarded his money once to buy himself a gun, but when he had saved the five and thirty shillings demanded by a certain pawnbroker of Doncaster for an old-fashioned musket which was almost as heavy as a small cannon, his courage failed him, and he could not bring himself to part with the precious coins, whose very touch could send a thrill of rapture through the slow current of his blood. No, he could not surrender such a sum of money to the Doncaster pawnbroker, even for the possession of his heart's desire, and as the stern money-lender refused to take payment in weekly instalments of sixpences, Stephen was fain to go without the gun, and to hope that some day or other Mr. John Mellish would reward his services by the gift of some disused fowling-piece by Forsythe or Manton. But there was no hope of such happiness now. A new dynasty reigned at Mellish, and a black-eyed queen who hated him had forbidden him to sully her domain with the traces of his shambling foot. He felt that he was in momentary peril upon the threshold of that sacred chamber, which, during his long service at Mellish Park, he had always regarded as a very temple of the beautiful; but the sight of firearms upon the table had a magnetic attraction for him, and he drew the Venetian shutter a little way further ajar, and slid himself in through the open window. Then, flushed and trembling with excitement, he dropped into John's chair, and began to handle the precious implements of warfare upon pheasants and partridges, and to turn them about in his big clumsy hands.

Delicious as the guns were, and delightful though it was to draw one of the revolvers up to his shoulder and take aim at an imaginary pheasant, the pistols were even still more attractive, for with them he could not refrain from taking imaginary aim at his enemies. Sometimes at James Conyers, who had snubbed and abused him and had made the bread of dependence bitter to him, very often at Aurora, once or twice at poor John Mellish, but always with a darkness upon his pallid face which would have promised little mercy had the pistol been loaded and the enemy near at hand.

There was one pistol, a small one, and an odd one apparently, for he could not find its fellow, which took a peculiar hold upon his fancy. It was as pretty as a lady's toy, and small enough to be carried in a lady's pocket, but the hammer snapped upon the nipple when the Softy pulled the trigger, with a sound that evidently meant mischief.

"To think that such a little thing as this could kill a big man like you," muttered Mr. Hargraves, with a jerk of his head in the direction of the north lodge.

He had this pistol still in his hand when the door was suddenly opened, and Aurora Mellish stood upon the threshold.

She spoke as she opened the door, almost before she was in the room.

"John, dear," she said, "Mrs. Powell wants to know whether Colonel Maddison dines here to-day with the Louthfores."

She drew back with a shudder that shook her from head to foot, as her eyes met the Softy's hated face instead of John's familiar glance.

In spite of the fatigue and agitation which she had endured within the last few days, she was not looking ill. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and a feverish color burned in her cheeks. Her manner, always impetuous, was restless and impatient to-day, as if her nature had been charged with a terrible amount of electricity, till she were likely at any moment to explode in some tempest of anger or woe.

"You here!" she exclaimed.

The Softy in his embarrassment, was at a loss for an excuse for his presence. He pulled his shabby hairskin cap off, and twisted it round and round in his great hands, but he made no other recognition of his late master's wife.

"Who sent you to this room?" asked Mrs. Mellish; "I thought you had been forbidden this place. The house at least," she added, her face crimsoning indignantly as she spoke, "although Mr. Conyers may choose to bring you to the north lodge. Who sent you here?"

"Him!" answered Mr. Hargraves, doggedly, with another jerk of his head towards the trainer's abode.

"James Conyers?"

"Yes."

"What does he want here, then?"

"He told me to come down t' th' house, and see if you and the master 'd come back."

"Then you can go and tell him that we have come back," she said contemptuously, "and that if he'd waited a little longer he would have had no occasion to send his spies after me."

The Softy crept towards the window, feeling that his dismissal was contained in these words, and looking rather suspiciously at the array of driving and hunting whips over the mantelpiece. Mrs. Mellish might have a fancy for laying one of these about his shoulders, if he happened to offend her.

"Stop!" she said impetuously, as he had his hand upon the shutter to push it open; "since you are here you can take a message, or a scrap of writing," she said contemptuously, as if she could not bring herself to call any communication between herself and Mr. Conyers a note, or a letter. "Yes; you can take a few lines to your master. Stop there while I write."

She waved her hand with a gesture which expressed plainly, "Come no nearer; you are too obnoxious to be endured except at a distance," and seated herself at John's writing-table.

She scratched two lines with a quill pen upon a slip of paper, which she folded while the ink was still wet. She looked for an envelope amongst her husband's littered paraphernalia of account-books, bills, receipts and price-lists; and finding one after some little trouble, put the folded paper into it, fastened the gummed flap with her lips, and handed the missive to Mr. Hargraves, who had watched her with hungry eyes, eager to fathom this new stage in the mystery.

"Was the two thousand pounds in that envelope?" he thought. No, surely, such a sum of money must be a huge pile of gold and silver—a mountain of glittering coin. He had seen cheques sometimes, and banknotes, in the hands of Langley the trainer, and he had wondered how it was that money could be represented by those pitiful bits of paper.

"I'd rayther hav' it goold," he thought; "if 'twas mine, I'd have it all i' goold and silver."

He was very glad when he found himself safely clear of the whips and Mrs. John Mellish, and as soon as he reached the shelter of the thick foliage upon the northern side of the park, he set to work to examine the packet intrusted to him.

Mrs. Mellish had liberally moistened the adhesive flap of the envelope, as people are very apt to do when they are in a hurry; the consequence of which carelessness was that the gum was still so wet that Stephen Hargraves found no difficulty in opening the envelope without tearing it. He looked cautiously about him, convinced himself that he was unobserved, and then drew out the slip of paper. It contained very little to reward him for his trouble, only these few words, scrawled in Aurora's most careless hand:

"Be on the other side of the wood, near the turnstile, between half-past eight and nine."

The Softy grinned as he slowly made himself master of this communication.

"It's uncommon hard wrothin', t' make out th' shapes o' th' letters," he said, as he finished his task. "Why can't gentilefolks wroit like Ned Tiller oop at th' Red Lion—printin' loike. It's easier to read, and a deal prettier to look at."

He refastened the envelope, pressing it down with his dirty thumb to make it adhere once more, and not much improving its appearance thereby.

"He's one of your rare careless chaps," he muttered as he surveyed the letter; "he won't stop t' examine if it's been opened before. What's inside were hardly worth th' trouble of openin' it; but perhaps it's as well to know it too."

Immediately after Stephen Hargrave had disappeared through the open window Aurora turned to leave the room by the door, intending to go in search of her husband.

She was arrested on the threshold by Mrs. Powell, who was standing at the door, with the submissive and deferential patience of paid companionship depicted in her insipid face.

"Does Colonel Maddison dine here, my dear Mrs. Mellish?" she asked meekly; yet with a pensive earnestness which suggested that her life, or at any rate her peace of mind, depended upon the answer. "I am so anxious to know, for of course it will make a difference with the fish—and perhaps we ought to have some mulligatawny, or at any rate a dish of curry among the entrées; for these elderly East-Indian officers are so—"

"I don't know," answered Aurora curtly. "Were you standing at the door long before I came out, Mrs. Powell?"

"Oh, no," answered the ensign's widow, "not long. Did you not hear me knock?"

Mrs. Powell would not have allowed herself to be betrayed into anything so vulgar as an abbreviation by the torments of the rack; and would have neatly rounded her periods while the awful wheel was stretching every muscle of her agonized frame, and the executioner waiting to give the *coup de grace*.

"Did you not hear me knock?" she asked.

"No," said Aurora; "you didn't knock! Did you?"

Mrs. Mellish made an alarming pause between the two sentences.

"Oh, yes, too-wice," answered Mrs. Powell, with as much emphasis as was consistent with gentility upon the elongated word; "I knocked too-wice; but you seemed so very much pre-occupied that—"

"I didn't hear you," interrupted Aurora; "you should knock rather louder when you want people to hear, Mrs. Powell. I—I came here to look for John, and I shall stop and put away his guns. Careless fellow—he always leaves them lying about."

"Shall I assist you, dear Mrs. Mellish?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"But pray allow me—guns are so interesting. Indeed, there is very little either in art or nature which, properly considered, is not—"

"You had better find Mr. Mellish, and ascertain if the colonel does dine here, I think, Mrs. Powell," interrupted Aurora, shutting the lids of the pistol-cases, and replacing them upon their accustomed shelves.

"Oh, if you wish to be alone, certainly," said the ensign's widow, looking furtively at Aurora's face bending over the breech-loading revolvers, and then walking genteelly and noiselessly out of the room.

"Who was she talking to?" thought Mrs. Powell. "I could hear her voice, but not the other person's. I suppose it was Mr. Mellish, and yet he is not generally so quiet."

She stopped to look out of a window in the corridor, and found the solution of her doubts in the shuffling figure of the Softy making his way northwards, creeping stealthily under shadow of the plantation that bordered the lawn. Mrs. Powell's faculties were all cultivated to a state of unpleasant perfection, and she was able, actually as well as figuratively, to see a great deal farther than most people.

John Mellish was not to be found in the house, and on making inquiries of some of the servants, Mrs. Powell learnt that he had strolled up to the north lodge to see the trainer, who was confined to his bed.

"Indeed!" said the ensign's widow; "then I think, as we really ought to know about the colonel and the mulligatawny, I will walk to the north lodge myself, and see Mr. Mellish."

She took a sun-umbrella from the stand in the hall, and crossed the lawn northwards at a smart pace, in spite of the heat of the July noontide. "If I can get there before Hargraves," she thought, "I may be able to find out why he came to the house."

The ensign's widow did reach the lodge before Stephen Hargraves, who stopped, as we know, under shelter of the foliage in the lonely pathway of the wood to decipher Aurora's scrawl. She found John Mellish seated with the trainer, in the little parlor of the lodge, discussing the stable arrangement; the master talking with considerable animation, the servant listening with a listless nonchalance which had a certain air of depreciation, not to say contempt, for poor John's racing stud. Mr. Conyers had risen from his bed at the sound of his employer's voice in the little room below, and had put on a dusty shooting-coat and a pair of shabby slippers, in order to come down and hear what Mr. Mellish had to say.

"I'm sorry to hear you're ill, Conyers," John said heartily, with a freshness in his strong voice which seemed to carry health and strength in its every tone; "as you weren't well enough to look in

at the house, I thought I'd come over here and talk to you about business. I want to know whether we ought to take Monte Christo out of his York engagement, and if you think it would be wise to let Northern Dutchman take his chance for the Great Ebor. Hey?"

Mr. Mellish's query resounded through the small room, and made the languid trainer shudder. Mr. Conyers had all the peevish susceptibility to discomfort or inconvenience which go to make a man above his station. Is it a merit to be above one's station, I wonder, that people make such a boast of their unfitness for honest employments, and sturdy but progressive labor. The flowers in the fables that want to be trees always get the worst of it, I remember. Perhaps that is because they can do nothing but complain. There is no objection to their growing into trees if they can, I suppose; but a great objection to their being noisy and disagreeable because they can't. With the son of the simple Corsican advocate who made himself Emperor of France the world had every sympathy; but with poor Louis Philippe, who ran away from a throne at the first shock that disturbed its equilibrium, I fear very little. Is it quite right to be angry with the world because it worships success; for is not success, in some manner, the stamp of divinity? Self-assertion may deceive the ignorant for a time; but when the noise dies away we cut open the drum, and find that it was emptiness that made the music. Mr. Conyers contented himself with declaring that he walked on a road which was unworthy of his footsteps; but as he never contrived to get an inch farther upon the great highway of life, there is some reason to suppose that he had his opinion entirely to himself. Mr. Mellish and his trainer were still discussing stable matters when Mrs. Powell reached the north lodge. She stopped for a few minutes in the rustic doorway, waiting for a pause in the conversation. She was too well-bred to interrupt Mr. Mellish in his talk, and there was a chance that she might hear something by lingering. No contrast could be stronger than that presented by the two men. John, broad-shouldered and stalwart; his short crisp chestnut hair brushed away from his square forehead; his bright open blue eyes beaming honest sunshine upon all they looked at; his loose gray clothes neat and well-made; his shirt in the first freshness of the morning's toilet; everything about him made beautiful by the easy grace which is the peculiar property of the man who has been born a gentleman, and which neither all the cheap finery which Mr. Moses can sell, nor all the expensive absurdities which Mr. Tittlebat Timmouse can buy, will ever bestow upon the parvenu or the vulgarian. The trainer, handsomer than his master by as much as Antinous in Grecian marble is handsomer than the substantially-shod and loose-coated young squires in Mr. Millais's designs; as handsome as it is possible for this human clay to be, with every feature moulded to the highest type of positive beauty, and yet every inch of him a boor. His shirt soiled and crumpled, his hair rough and uncombed; his unshaven chin, dark with the blue bristles of his budding beard, and smeared with the traces of last night's liquor; his dingy hands, supporting this dingy chin, and his elbows bursting half out of the frayed sleeves of his shabby shooting-jacket, leaning on the table in an attitude of indifferent insolence. His countenance expressive of nothing but dissatisfaction with his own lot, and contempt for the opinions of other people. All the homilies that could be preached upon the timeworn theme of beauty and its worthlessness could never argue so strongly as this mute evidence presented by Mr. Conyers himself in his slouching posture and his unkempt hair. Is beauty, then, so little, one asks, on looking at the trainer and his employer? Is it better to be clean, and well-dressed, and gentlemanly, than to have a classical profile and a thrice-worn shirt?

Finding very little to interest her in John's stable-talk, Mrs. Powell made her presence known, and once more asked the all-important question about Col. Maddison.

"Yes," John answered; "the old boy is sure to come. Let's have plenty of chutnee, and boiled rice, and preserved ginger, and all the rest of the unpleasant things that Indian officers live upon. Have you seen Lolly?"

Mr. Mellish put on his hat, gave a last instruction to the trainer, and left the cottage.

"Have you seen Lolly?" he asked again.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Powell; "I have only lately left Mrs. Mellish in your room. She had been speaking to that half-witted person—Hargraves, I think he is called."

"Speaking to him!" cried John; "speaking to him in my room! Why, the fellow is forbidden to cross the threshold of the house, and Mrs. Mellish abominates the sight of him. Don't you remember the day he flogged her dog, you know, and Lolly horse—had hysterics?"

added Mr. Mellish, choking himself with one word and substituting another.

"Oh, yes, I remember that little—ahem!—unfortunate occurrence perfectly," replied Mrs. Powell, in a tone, which, in spite of its amiability, implied that Aurora's escapade was not a thing to be easily forgotten.

"Then it's not likely, you know, that Lolly would talk to the man. You must be mistaken, Mrs. Powell."

The ensign's widow simpered and lifted her eyebrows, gently shaking her head, with a gesture that seemed to say, "Did you ever find me mistaken?"

"No, no, my dear Mr. Mellish," she said, with a half-playful air of conviction, "there was no mistake on my part. Mrs. Mellish was talking to the half-witted person; but you know the person is a sort of servant to Mr. Conyers, and Mrs. Mellish may have had a message for Mr. Conyers."

"A message for him!" roared John, stopping suddenly, and planting his stick upon the ground in a movement of unconcealed passion; "what messages should she have for him? Why should she want people fetching and carrying between her and him?"

Mrs. Powell's pale eyes lit up with a faint yellow flame in their greenish pupils as John broke out thus. "It is coming—it is coming—it is coming!" her envious heart cried, and she felt that a faint flush of triumph was gathering in her sickly cheeks.

But in another moment John Mellish recovered his self-command. He was angry with himself for the transient passion. "Am I going to doubt her again?" he thought. "Do I know so little of the nobility of her generous soul that I am ready to listen to every whisper, and terrify myself with every look?"

They had walked about a hundred yards away from the lodge by this time. John turned irresolutely, as if half inclined to go back.

"A message for Conyers?" he said to Mrs. Powell. "Ay, ay, to be sure! It's likely enough she might want to send him a message, for she's cleverer at all the stable business than I am. It was she who told me not to enter Cherry Stone for the Chester Cup, and, egad, I was obstinate, and I was licked, as I deserved to be, for not listening to my dear girl."

Mrs. Powell would fain have boxed John's ear, had she been tall enough to reach that organ. Infatuated fool! would he never open his dull eyes and see the ruin that was preparing for him?

"You are a good husband, Mr. Mellish," she said, with gentle melancholy. "Your wife ought to be happy!" she added, with a sigh, which plainly hinted that Mrs. Mellish was miserable.

"A good husband!" cried John, "not half good enough for her. What can I do to prove that I love her? What can I do? Nothing, except to let her have her own way; and what a little that seems! Why, if she wanted to set that house on fire for the pleasure of making a bonfire," he added, pointing to the rambling mansion in which his blue eyes had first seen the light, "I'd let her do it, and look on with her at the blaze."

"Are you going back to the lodge?" Mrs. Powell asked quietly, not taking any notice of this outbreak of marital enthusiasm.

They had retraced their steps, and were within a few paces of the little garden before the north lodge.

"Going back?" said John; "no—yes."

Between his utterance of the negative and the affirmative he had looked up and seen Stephen Hargraves entering the little garden gate. The Softy had come by the short cut through the wood. John Mellish quickened his pace, and followed Steeve Hargraves across the little garden to the threshold of the door. At the threshold he paused. The rustic porch was thickly screened by the spreading branches of the roses and honeysuckle, and John was unseen by those within. He did not himself deliberately listen, he only waited a few moments, wondering what to do next. In those few moments of indecision he heard the trainer speak to his attendant.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"Ay, sure, I see her."

"And she gave you a message?"

"No, she gave me this here."

"A letter!" cried the trainer's eager voice; "give it me."

John Mellish heard the tearing of the envelope and the crackling of the crisp paper, and knew that his wife had been writing to his servant. He clenched his strong right hand until the nails dug into the muscular palm; then, turning to Mrs. Powell, who stood close behind him, simpering meekly, as she would have simpered at an earthquake or a revolution, or any other national calamity not peculiarly affecting herself, he said, quietly,

"Whatever directions Mrs. Mellish has given are sure to be right; I won't interfere with them."

He walked from the north lodge as he spoke, looking straight before him, homewards, as if the unchanging loadstar of his honest heart were beckoning to him across the dreary Slough of Despond and bidding him take comfort.

"Mrs. Powell," he said, turning rather sharply upon the ensign's widow, "I should be very sorry to say anything likely to offend you, in your character of—of a guest beneath my roof; but I shall take it as a favor to myself if you will be so good as to remember that I require no information respecting my wife's movements from you or from any one. Whatever Mrs. Mellish does, she does with my full consent, my perfect approbation. Caesar's wife must not be suspected, and by Jove, ma'am—you'll pardon the expression—John Mellish's wife must not be watched."

"Watched! information!" exclaimed Mrs. Powell, lifting her pale eyebrows to the extreme limits allowed by nature. "My dear Mr. Mellish, when I really only casually remarked, in reply to a question of your own, that I believed Mrs. Mellish had—"

"Oh, yes," answered John, "I understand. There are several ways by which you can go to Doncaster from this house. You can go across the fields, or round by Harper's Common, an out-of-the-way, roundabout route, but you get there all the same, you know, ma'am. I generally prefer the high road. It mayn't be the shortest way, perhaps; but it's certainly the straightest."

The corners of Mrs. Powell's thin lower lip dropped, perhaps the eighth of an inch, as John made these observations; but she quickly recovered her habitually genteel simper, and told Mr. Mellish that he really had such a droll way of expressing himself as to make his meaning scarcely so clear as could be wished.

But John had said all that he wanted to say, and walked steadily onwards, looking always towards that quarter in which the polestar might be supposed to shine, guiding him back to his home.

That home so soon to be desolate! With such ruin brooding above it as in his darkest doubts, his wildest fears, he had never shadowed forth.

(To be continued.)

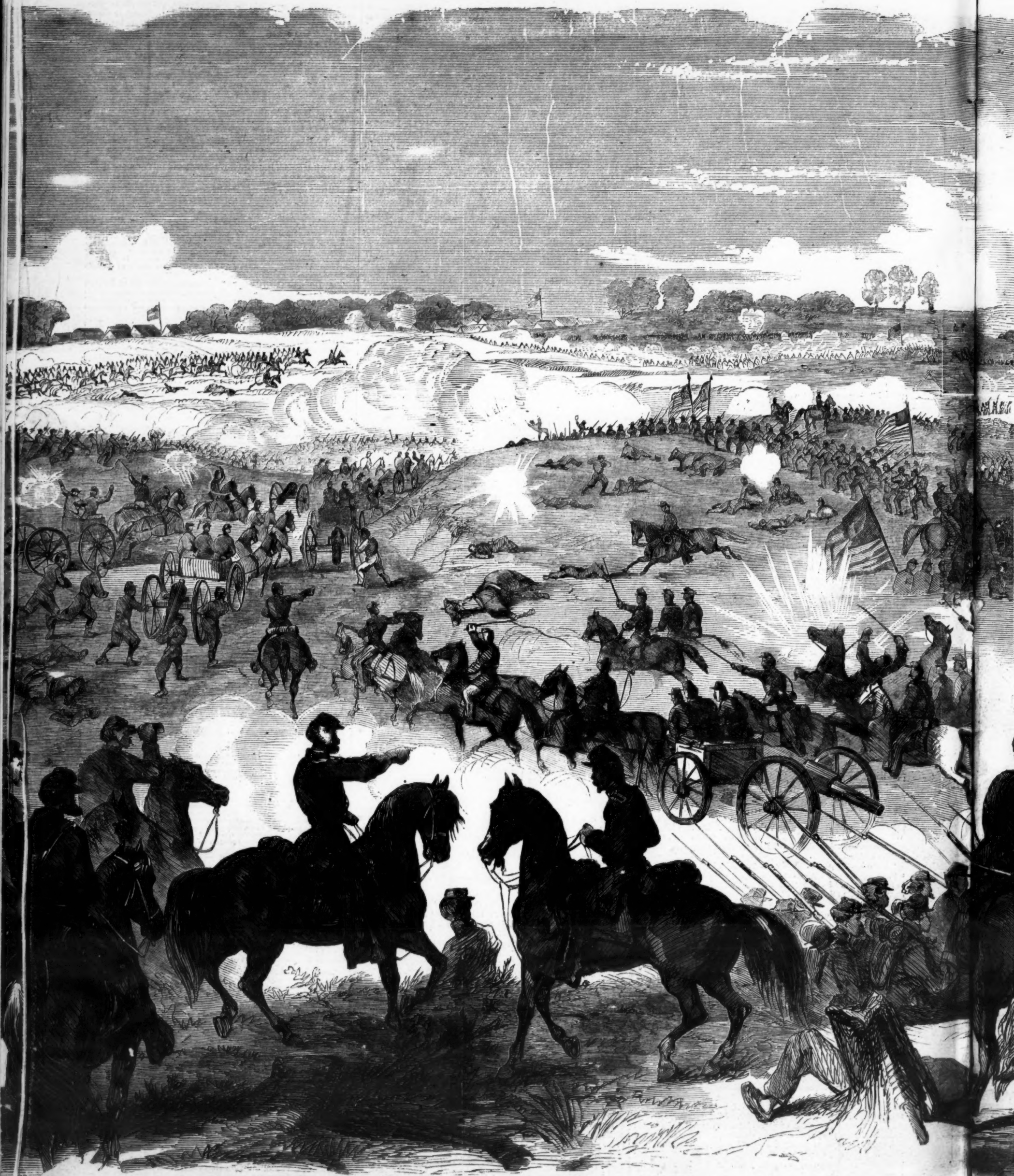
MAJ.-GEN. JOHN POPE, THE AVENGER OF BULL RUN.

IN our issue of May 10th we gave a brief sketch of Maj.-Gen. Pope, bringing down the outline of his life and services to the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10—in both of which important operations he exhibited great skill and judgment, and distinguished himself for what is of equal if not higher importance in war, activity and enterprise. After the capture of Island No. 10, he was ordered to join Gen. Halleck before Corinth, where he arrived within five days after receiving the order, with his whole force. He was assigned to the command of Halleck's left wing, nearest Corinth. He soon became convinced that Beauregard was evacuating that position, and begged permission in vain from Halleck to attack the divided rebel force. In vain he chafed against the restraints of his superior, who lay supinely within five miles of the enemy, burrowing daily still deeper in the earth, while the wily rebel commander stole away with "horse and foot, bag and baggage." The shameful results of the criminal inaction before Corinth and the disgrace of Beauregard's escape are in no way chargeable on Gen. Pope, who could and would have taken one half of the rebel army, had he not been thwarted by an imbecile superior. He, however, was allowed the privilege of pursuing the retreating rebels, but with little effect, as Halleck had considerably allowed them to get well away before moving on their deserted fortifications.

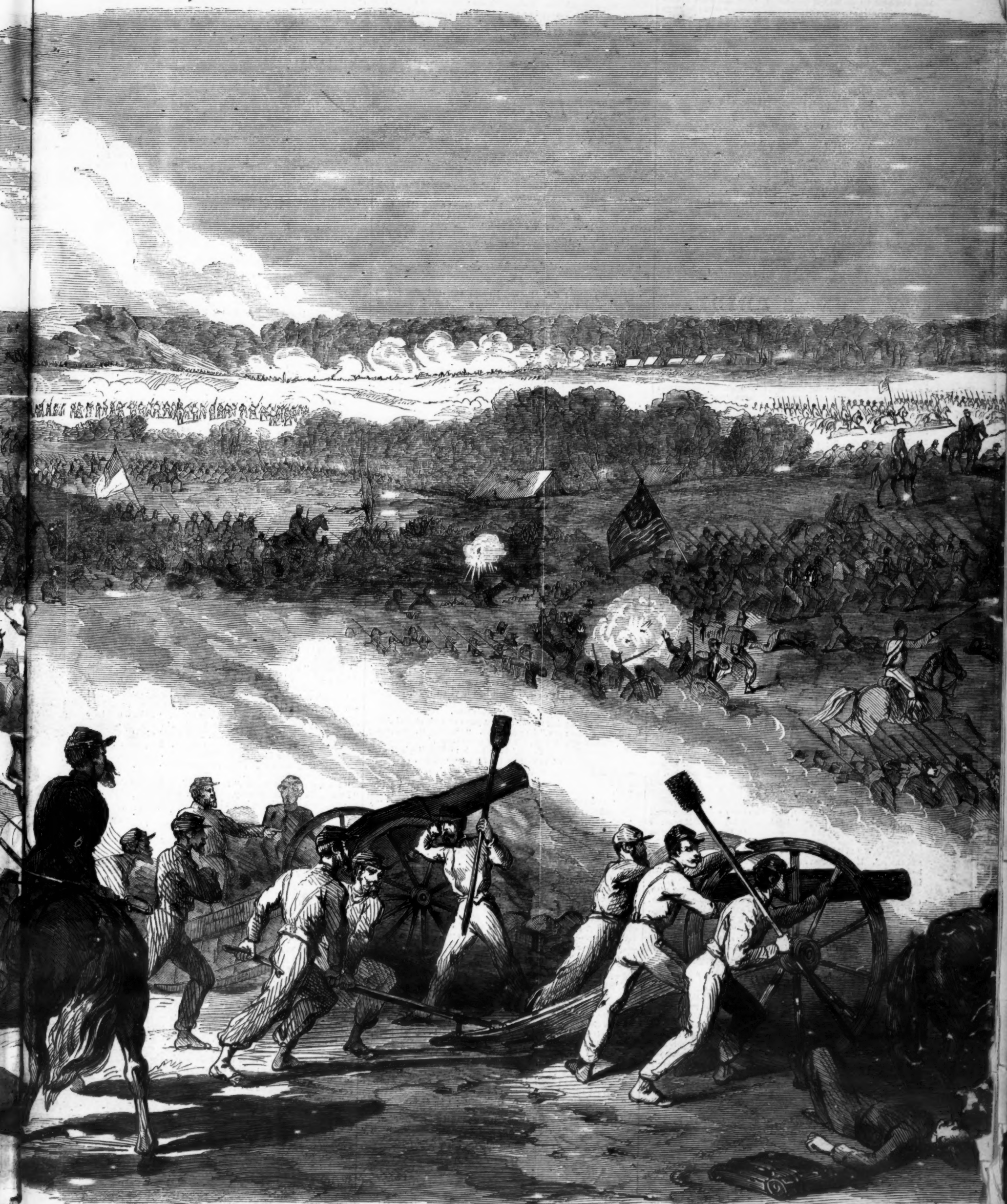
With the scattering of the army of the South-West, Gen. Pope was called to Washington, and on the 28th of June, 1862, put at the head of the Army of Virginia, consisting of the commands of Fremont, Banks, McDowell and Sturgis, and at the same time made Brigadier-General of the regular army, filling the place vacated by Gen. Wool when promoted to be Major-General. On the 19th of July he took the field, and commenced his operations with characteristic vigor. To distract the enemy and relieve Gen. McClellan from the pressure of overwhelming forces in front of Richmond, and to enable him to escape from the disadvantageous, not to say untenable, position in which he had placed himself, Gen. Pope made a strong demonstration on the rebel base line of operations, the Virginia Central Railroad, interrupted it at various points, and threatened the rebel source of supplies at Gordonsville. It was under cover of these movements, and by weakening the rebels at Richmond, who were obliged to dispatch a large force to check his advance, that Gen. McClellan was enabled to escape unmolested from Harrison's Landing. Meantime, however, on the 9th of August, he had to fight, at a disadvantage, the battle of Cedar Mountain.

As soon as the rebels were clear of McClellan, they threw forward their whole force against the comparatively weak column of Pope, who, in conformity with the general plan, fell back slowly from his advanced position, checking the enemy wherever possible, so as to enable Gen. McClellan's army to effect a junction with him, and give the rebels battle in force. Gen. Pope's part of this difficult and dangerous programme was carried out perfectly. He delayed the combined force of the rebels, outnumbering him more than two to one, from day to day, while the fate of the country trembled in the scale, and McClellan dawdled and delayed, stopping at Aquia Creek and Alexandria in order to visit Washington and ascertain what was to be his relative rank—just as if his rank was worth a moment's thought in such an emergency.

While holding the enemy in check on the line of the Rappahannock, the superior numbers of the rebels enabled them to keep him occupied, while a heavy column, making a *detour* at the foot of the Blue Ridge, turned his flank and penetrated behind him to Manassas—a position which Gen. Pope supposed was already occupied, as it might have been and should have been, by the reinforcing columns of McClellan. Thus inexcusably deserted, if not betrayed, cut off from his supplies, and in imminent danger of being crushed between the masses of the rebel army in his front and rear, the time had come for prompt action and consummate generalship. Gen. Pope was equal to the emergency. He dispatched one portion of his force, under Gen. McDowell, to break the rebel line moving on Manassas, while he marched direct on the head of the line already there, sending a third column, under Gen. Reno, midway between his own and McDowell's, to support either, as the case might require. McDowell cut the rebel army in two, and Gen. Pope reinforced by Heintzelman, and supported by Sigel, Banks, and McDowell, overthrew the rebel army under Lee and Jackson, and on the 29th of August, 1862, on the same field of action, avenged the disaster of Bull Run!



BY MAJOR-GENERAL POPE, AND THE REBEL FORCES LED BY GENERALS LEE, JACKSON AND LONGSTREET.



SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN. FOUGHT FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, BETWEEN THE NATIONAL FORCES COMMAND

SIBILANTS.

THE frequency of sibilants in the English language has been remarked by all foreign linguistical critics, and some French writer has called it, in consequence, "*langue d'oiseau*," or the language of birds. Yet it is not more so than the Latin. For example, in the first 15 words of the 1st Epistle, 2d Book, of Horace, the letter *s* occurs 18 times, while in the same number of words in Francis's translation it is met with only seven times.

The following poem, published in an English paper some years ago, is remarkable chiefly for not having a single *s* in it:

Oh, come to-night! for nought can charm
The weary time when thou'rt away.
Oh, come! the gentle moon hath thrown
O'er bow'r and hall her quivering ray.
The heather-bell hath mildly rung,
From off her fairy leaf, the bright
And diamond dewdrop that had hung
Upon that leaf—a gem of light.

Then come, love, come!

To-night the liquid wave hath not,
Illumin'd by the moonlit beam
Playing upon the lake beneath,
Like frolic in an autumn dream—
The liquid wave hath not, to-night,
In all her moonlit pride, a fair
Gift like to them that on thy lip
Do breathe and laugh, and home it there.

Then come, love, come!

To-night! to-night! my gentle one,
The flower-bearing Amra tree
Doth long, with fragrant moan, to meet
The love-lip of the honey-bee.
But not the Amra tree can long
To greet the bee, at evening light,
With half the deep, fond love I long
To meet my Name here to-night!

Then come, love, come!

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

SYNOPSIS OF THE CHAPTERS HITHERTO PUBLISHED.

THIS beautiful story opens with a fine description of a splendid English mansion, named Verner's Pride, the home of the Verners, and now in possession of the second brother of the builder. It had been left by the father to his younger son, although, according to the strictest idea of primogeniture, it ought to have gone to the son of the eldest son, Col. Sir Lionel Verner, who had been killed in India. The old Verner, however, compromised the matter by instructing Stephen Verner to leave it to his nephew, Sir Lionel's son, at his death. This had given great offence to Lady Verner, the soldier's widow. When the scene opens Mr. Verner was living at Verner's Pride with his second wife and her two sons, by a former husband, John and Frederick Massingbird, the former of whom was on the point of leaving home to seek his fortune. Among the household was a very beautiful girl, a protégé of the Verners, Rachel Frost, who was Mrs. Verner's lady's-maid. This girl had been courted by Luke Roy, the son of the bailiff of the Verner estate, the latter of whom was a hard, bad man, who wished to turn out one of the tenants, named Dawson. Luke Roy is so depressed by Rachel rejecting his suit that he is on the point of leaving his native village. The very evening the story opens Rachel Frost is found drowned in the Willow-pond, on her way from her father's cottage to the residence of her mistress. The discovery of the drowned body, the bringing it home to Verner's Pride, and the examination of those who had seen anything of the melancholy event are told in such a thrilling manner, that we shall not attempt to give any idea, beyond the fact that seldom has novelists been more successful in awakening the interest and holding the heart in suspense than has the brilliant author of this magnificent story.

CHAPTER V.—DINAH ROY'S "GHOST."

THE moon, high in the heavens, shone down brightly, lighting up the fair domain of Verner's Pride, lighting up the broad terrace, and one who was hastening along it; all looking as peaceful as if a deed of dark mystery had not that night been committed.

He, skimming the terrace with a fleet foot, was that domain's recognized heir, Lionel Verner. Tynn and others were standing in the hall, talking in groups, as is the custom with dependents when something unusual and exciting is going on. Lionel appeared full of emotion when he burst in upon them.

"Is it true?" he demanded, speaking impulsively. "Is Rachel really dead?"

"She is dead, sir."

"Drowned?"

"Yes, sir, drowned."

He stood like one confounded. He had heard the news in the village, but this decided confirmation of it was as startling as if he now heard it for the first time. A hasty word of feeling, and then he looked again at Tynn.

"Was it the result of accident?"

Tynn shook his head.

"It's to be feared it was not, sir. There was a dreadful quarrel heard, it seems, near to the pool, just before it happened. My master is inquiring into it now, sir, in his study. Mr. Bitterworth and some more are there."

Giving his hat to the butler, Lionel Verner opened the study door, and entered. It was at that precise moment when John Massingbird had gone out for Mrs. Roy; so that, as may be said, there was a lull in the proceedings.

Mr. Verner looked glad when Lionel appeared. The ageing man, enfeebled with sickness, had grown to lean on the strong young intellect. As much as it was in Mr. Verner's nature to love anything, he loved Lionel. He beckoned him to a chair beside himself.

"Yes, sir, in an instant," nodded Lionel. "Matthew," he whispered, laying his hand kindly on the old man's shoulder as he passed, and bending down to him with his sympathizing eyes, his pleasant voice, "I am grieved for this as if it had been my own sister. Believe me."

"I know it; I know you, Mr. Lionel," was the faint answer. "Don't unman me, sir, afore 'em here; leave me to myself."

With a pressure of his hand on the shoulder ere it quitted it, Lionel turned to Frederick Massingbird, asking of him particulars in an undertone.

"I don't know them myself," replied Frederick, his accent a haughty one. "There seems to be nothing but uncertainty and mystery. Mr. Verner ought not to have inquired into it in this semi-public way. Very disagreeable things have been said, I assure you; there was not the least necessity for allowing such absurdities to go forth, as suspicions, to the public. You have not been running from the willow-pond at a strapping pace, I suppose, to-night?"

"That I certainly have not," replied Lionel.

"Neither has John, I am sure," returned Frederick, resentfully. "It is not likely. And yet that boy of Mother Duff's—"

The words were interrupted. The door had opened, and John Massingbird appeared, marshalling in Dinah Roy. Dinah looked fit to die, with her ashy face and her trembling frame.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Verner.

The woman burst into tears.

"Oh, sir, I don't know nothing of it; I protest I don't," she uttered. "I declare that I never set eyes on Rachel Frost this blessed night."

"But you were near the spot at the time?"

"Oh, bad luck to me, I was!" she answered, wringing her hands.

"But I know no more how she got into the water nor a child unborn."

"Where's the necessity for being put out about it, my good woman?" spoke up Mr. Bitterworth. "If you know nothing, you can't tell it. But you must state what you do know—why you were there, what startled you, and such like. Perhaps—if she were to have a chair?" he suggested to Mr. Verner in a whisper. "She looks too shaky to stand."

"Ay," acquiesced Mr. Verner. "Somebody bring forward a chair. Sit down, Mrs. Roy."

Mrs. Roy obeyed. One of those harmless, well-meaning, timid women, who seem not to possess ten ideas of their own, and are content to submit to others, she had often been seen in a shaky state from very trifling causes. But she had never been seen like this. The perspiration was pouring off her pinched face, and her blue check apron was incessantly raised to wipe it.

"What errand had you near the willow-pond this evening?" asked Mr. Verner.

"I didn't see anything," she gasped, "I don't know anything. As true as I sit here, sir, I never saw Rachel Frost, this blessed evening."

"I am not asking you about Rachel Frost. Were you near the spot?"

"Yes. But—"

"Then you can say what errand you had there; what business took you to it," continued Mr. Verner.

"It was no harm took me, sir. I went to get a dish o' tea with Martha Broom. Many's the time she has asked me since Christmas; and my husband, he was out with the Dawsons and all that bother; and Luke, he's gone, and there was nothing to keep me at home. I changed my gown and I went."

"What time was that?"

"'Twas the middle o' the afternoon, sir. The clock had gone three."

"Did you stay tea there?"

"In course, sir, I did. Broom, he was out, and she was at home by herself a rinsing out some things. But she soon put 'em away, and we sat down and had our teas together. We was a talking about—"

"Never mind that," said Mr. Verner. "It was in coming home I conclude, that you were met by young Broom?"

Mrs. Roy raised her apron again, and passed it over her face; but not a word spoke she in answer.

"What time did you leave Broom's cottage to return home?"

"I can't be sure, sir, what time it was. Brooms haven't got no clock; they tells the time by the sun, and that."

"Was it dark?"

"Oh, yes, it was dark, sir; except for the moon. That had been up a good bit, for I hadn't hurried myself."

"And what did you see or hear, when you got near the willow-pond?"

This question sent Mrs. Roy into fresh tears; into fresh tremor.

"I never saw nothing," she reiterated. "The last time I set eyes on Rachel Frost was at church on Sunday."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Mr. Verner with asperity. "Do you mean to deny that anything had occurred to put you in a state of agitation, when you were met by young Broom?"

Mrs. Roy only moaned.

"Did you hear people quarrelling?" he persisted.

"I heard people quarrelling," she sobbed. "I did. But I know no more than the dead who it was."

"Whose voices were they?"

"I couldn't tell, sir. I wasn't near enough. There was two voices, a man's and a woman's; but I couldn't catch a single word, and it did not last long. I declare, if it were the last word I had to speak, that I heard no more of the quarrel than that, and I wasn't no nearer to it."

She really did seem to speak the truth, in spite of her shrinking fear, which was evident to all. Mr. Verner inquired, with incredulity equally evident, whether that was sufficient to put her into the state of tremor spoken of by young Broom.

Mrs. Roy hung her head.

"I'm timid at quarrels, 'specially if it's at night," she faintly answered.

"And was it just the hearing of that quarrel that made you sink down on your knees and clasp hold of a tree?" continued Mr. Verner. Upon which Mrs. Roy let fall her head on her hands, and sobbed piteously.

Robin Frost interrupted, sarcasm in his tone.

"There's a tale going on outside that you saw a ghost, and that it was that frightened you," he said to her. "Perhaps, sir"—turning to Mr. Verner—"you'll ask her whose ghost it was."

This appeared to put the finishing touch to Mrs. Roy's discomfiture. Nothing could be made of her for a few minutes. Presently her agitation somewhat subsided; she lifted her head and spoke, as with a desperate effort.

"It's true," she said. "I'll make a clean breast of it. I did see a ghost, and it was that as upset me so. It wasn't the quarrelling frightened me; I thought nothing of that."

"What do you mean by saying you saw a ghost?" sharply reproved Mr. Verner.

"It was a ghost, sir," she answered, apparently picking up a little courage, now the subject was fairly entered upon.

A pause ensued. Mr. Verner may have been at a loss what to say next. When deliberately assured by any timorous spirit that they have "seen a ghost," it is waste of time to enter an opposing argument.

"Where did you see the ghost?" he asked.

"I had stopped still, listening to the quarrelling, sir. But that soon came to an end, for I heard no more, and I went on a few steps, and then I stopped to listen again. Just as I turned my head towards the grove, where the quarrelling had seemed to be, I saw something a few paces from me that made my flesh creep. A tall, white thing it looked, whiter than the moonlight. I knew it could be nothing but a ghost, and my knees sunk down from under me, and I laid hold o' the trunk o' the tree."

"Perhaps it was a death's head and bones?" cried John Massingbird.

"May be, sir," she answered. "That, or something worse. It glided through the trees with its great eyes staring at me; and I felt ready to die."

"Was it a man's or a woman's ghost?" asked Mr. Bitterworth, a broad smile upon his face.

"Couldn't have been a woman's, sir; 'twas too tall," was the sobbing answer. "A great tall thing it looked, like a white shadder. I wonder I be alive!"

"So do I," frantically cried Mr. Verner. "Which way was it going?"

towards the village, or in this direction?"

"Not in neither of 'em, sir. It glided right off at a angle amid the trees."

"And it was that—that folly, that put you into the state of tremor in which Broom found you?" uttered Mr. Verner. "It was nothing else?"

"I declare, before Heaven, that it was what I saw as put me into the fright young Broom found me in," she repeated, earnestly.

"But, if you were so silly as to be alarmed, for the moment, why do you continue to show alarm still?"

"Because my husband says he'll shake me," she whimpered, after a long pause. "He never has no patience with ghosts."

"Serve you right," was the half-audible comment of Mr. Verner. "Is this all you know of the affair?" he continued, after a pause.

"It's all, sir," she sobbed. "And enough, too! There's only one thing as I shall be for ever thankful for."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Verner.

"That my poor Luke was away afore this happened. He was fond of hankering after Rachel, and folks might have been for laying it on his shoulders; though, goodness knows, he'd not have hurt a hair of her head."

"At any rate, he is out of it," observed John Massingbird.

"Ay," she replied, in a sort of self-soliloquy, as she turned to leave the room, for Mr. Verner told her she was dismissed, "it'll be a corn o' comfort among my peck o' troubles. I have fretted myself incessant since Luke left, a thinking as I could never know comfort again; but perhaps it's all for the best now, as he should ha' went."

She curtsied, and the door was closed upon her. Her evidence left an unsatisfactory feeling behind it. An impression had gone forth that Mrs. Roy could throw some light upon the obscurity; and, as it turned out, she had thrown none. The greater part of those present gave credence to what she said. All believed the "ghost" to have been pure imagination; knowing the woman's proneness to the marvellous and her timid temperament. But, upon one or two there remained a strong conviction that Mrs. Roy had not told the whole truth; that she could have said a great deal more about the night's work, had she chosen to do so.

No other testimony was forthcoming. The cries and shouts of young Broom, when he saw the body in the water, had succeeded in arousing some men who slept at the distant brick-kilns; and the tidings soon spread, and crowds flocked up. These crowds were eager to pour into Mr. Verner's room now, and state all they knew, which was precisely the evidence not required; but, of further testimony of the facts, there was none.

"More may come out prior to the inquest; there's no knowing," observed Mr. Bitterworth, as the gentlemen stood in a group, before separating. "It is a very dreadful thing; demanding the most searching investigation. It is not likely she would throw herself in."

"A well-conducted girl like Rachel Frost throw herself wilfully into a pond for the purpose of drowning!" indignantly repeated Mr. Verner. "She would be one of the last to do it."

"And equally one of the last to be thrown in," said Dr. West.

"Young women do not get thrown into ponds without some cause; and I should think few ever gave less cause for maltreatment of any kind than she. It appears most strange to me with whom she could have been quarrelling—if, indeed, it was Rachel who was quarrelling."

"It is all strange together," cried Lionel Verner. "What took Rachel that way at all, by nighttime?"

"What, indeed!" echoed Mr. Bitterworth. "Unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Mr. Verner; for Mr. Bitterworth had brought his words to a sudden standstill.

"Well, I was going to say, unless she had an appointment there. But that does not appear probable for Rachel Frost."

"It is barely possible, let alone probable," was the retort of Mr. Verner.

"But still, in a case like this, every circumstance must be looked at, every trifle weighed," resumed Mr. Bitterworth. "Does Rachel's own conduct appear to you to have been perfectly open? She has been indulging, it would seem, in some secret grief, latterly; has been 'strange,' as one or two have expressed it. Then, again, she stated to her father that she was going to stay at Duff's for a gossip, whereas the woman says she had evidently no intention of gossiping, and barely gave herself time to order the articles spoken of. Other witnesses observed her leave Duff's, and walk with a hasty step direct to the field road, and turn down it. All this does not sound quite clear to me."

"There was one thing sounded not clear to me," broke in Lionel, abruptly, "and that was Dinah Roy's evidence. The woman's half a fool; otherwise I should think she was purposely deceiving us."

"A pity but she could see a real ghost!" cried John Massingbird, looking half inclined to laugh, "it might cure her for fancy ones. She's right in one thing, however; that poor Luke might have got this clapped on to his shoulders, had he been here."

"Scarcely," dissented Dr. West. "Luke Roy is too inoffensive to harm any one, least of all a woman, and Rachel; and that the whole parish knows."

"There's no need to discuss Luke's name in the business," said Mr. Verner, "he is far enough away. Whoever the man may have been, it was not Luke," he emphatically added. "Luke would have been the one to succor Rachel, not to hurt her."

Not a soul present but felt that Mr. Verner spoke in strict accordance with the facts, known and presumptive. They must look in another quarter than Luke for Rachel's assailant.

Mr. Verner glanced at Mr. Bitterworth and Dr. West, then at the three young men before him.

"We are amongst friends," he observed, addressing the latter. "I would ask you, individually, whether it was one of you that the boy Duff spoke of as being in the lane?"

They positively disclaimed it, each one for himself. Each one mentioned that he had been elsewhere at the time; and where he had been.

"You see," said Mr. Verner, "the lane leads only to Verner's Pride."

"But, by leaping a fence anywhere, or a gate, or breaking through a hedge, it may lead all over the country," observed Frederick Massingbird. "You forget that, sir."

"No, Frederick, I do not forget it. But unless a man had business at Verner's Pride, what should he go into the lane for? On emerging from the field, on this side the Willow-pond, any one, not bound for Verner's Pride, would take the common path to the right hand, open to all; only in case of wanting to come here would he take the lane. You cannot suppose for a moment that I suspect any one of you has had a hand in this unhappy event; but it was right that I should be assured, from your own lips, that you were not the person spoken of by young Duff."

"It may have been a stranger to the neighborhood, sir. In that case he would not know that the lane led only to Verner's Pride."

"True—so far. But what stranger would be likely to quarrel with Rachel?"

"Egad, if you come to that, sir, a stranger's more likely to pick quarrel with her than any one of us," rejoined John Massingbird.

"It was no stranger," said Mr. Verner, shaking his head. "We do not quarrel with strangers. Had any stranger accosted Rachel at night, in that lonely spot, with rude words, she would naturally have called out for help; which it is certain she did not do, or young Broom and Mrs. Roy must have heard her. Rely upon it, that man in the lane is the one we must look for."

"But—where to look?" debated Frederick Massingbird.

"There it is! The inference would be that he was coming to Verner's Pride; being on its direct way and nearly close upon it. But, the only tall men (as the boy describes) at Verner's Pride, are you three and Bennet. Bennet was at home, therefore he is exempt; and you were scattered in different directions—Lionel at Mr. Bitterworth's, John at the Royal Oak—I wonder you like to make yourself familiar with those tap-rooms, John!—and Frederick coming in from Poynton's to his dinner."

"I don't think I had been in ten minutes when the alarm came," remarked Frederick.

"Well, it is involved in mystery at present," cried Mr. Bitterworth, shaking hands with them.

"Let us hope that to-morrow will open more light upon it. Are you on the wing too, doctor? Then we'll go out together."

CHAPTER VI.—THE REVELATION AT THE INQUEST.

To say that Deerham was rudely disturbed from its equanimity; that petty animosities, whether concerning Mr. Roy and the Dawsons or other contending spirits, were lost sight of, hushed to rest in the absorbing calamity which had overtaken Rachel; to say that occupations were partially suspended, that there ensued a glorious interim of idleness, for the female portion of it—of conferences in gutters and collectings in houses; to say that Rachel was sincerely mourned, old Frost sympathized with, and the supposed assailant vigorously sought after, would be sufficient to indicate that public curiosity was excited to a high pitch; but all this was as nothing compared to the excitement which was to ensue, upon the evidence given at the coroner's inquest.

In the absence of any certain data to go upon, Deerham had been content to take uncertain data, and to come to its own conclusions. Deerham assumed that Rachel, for some reasons which they could not fathom, had taken the lonely road home that night, had met with somebody or other with whom had ensued a quarrel and scuffle, and that, accidentally or by intent, she had been pushed into the pond, the coward decamping.

"Villainy enough! even if 'twas but an accident!" cried wrathful Deerham.

Villainy enough, beyond all doubt, had this been the extent. But Deerham had to learn that the villainy had had a beginning previous to that.

The inquest had been summoned in due course. It sat two days after the accident. No evidence tending to further elucidate the matter was given than had been elicited the first night before Mr. Verner, except the medical evidence. Dr. West and a surgeon from a neighboring town, who had jointly made the post-mortem examination, testified that there was a cause for Rachel Frost's unevenness of spirits, spoken to by her father and Mrs. Verner. She might possibly, they now thought, have thrown herself into the pool, induced to it by self-condemnation.

It electrified Deerham. It electrified Mr. Verner. It worse than electrified Matthew Frost and Robin. In the first impulse of the news, Mrs. Verner declared that it could not be. But the medical men, with their impassive faces, calmly said that it was.

But, so far as the inquiry went, it only left the point where it found it. For, if it tended to induce a suspicion that Rachel might have found life a burthen, and so wished to end it, it only rendered stronger the suspicion against another. This supplied the very motive of that other's conduct, which had been wanting, supposing that he had indeed got rid of her by violence. It gave the clue to much which had before been dark. People could understand now why Rachel should hasten to keep a stealthy appointment, why quarrelling should be heard at it, in short, why poor Rachel should have been found in the pond. The jury returned an open verdict—"Found drowned; but how she got into the water there is no precise evidence to show."

Robin Frost struggled out of the room as the crowd was dispersing. His eye was blazing, his cheek burning. Could Robin have laid his hand at that moment upon the right man, there speedily would have ensued another coroner's inquest. The earth was not wide enough for the two to live on it. Fortunately Robin could not fix on any one, and say thou art the man! The knowledge was hidden from him; and yet, the very man may have been at the inquest, side by side with himself. Nay, he probably was.

Robin Frost cleared himself from the crowd. He gave vent to a groan of despair; he lifted up his strong arms in impotency. Then he turned and sought Mr. Verner.

Mr. Verner was ill—could not be seen. Lionel came forward.

"Robin, I am truly sorry—truly grieved. We all are. But I know you will not care to-day to hear me say it."

"Sir, I wanted to see Mr. Verner," replied Robin. "I want to know if that inquest cannot be squashed?"

Don't laugh at him now, poor fellow; he meant quashed.

"The inquest quashed!" repeated Lionel. "Of course it cannot be. I don't know what you mean, Robin. It has been held, and it cannot be unheld."

"I should ha' said the verdict," explained Robin. "I am beside myself to-day, Mr. Lionel. Can't Mr. Verner get it squashed? He knows the crowner."

"Neither Mr. Verner nor anybody else could do it, Robin. Why should you wish it done?"

"Because it is good as sets forth a lie," vehemently answered Robin Frost. "She never put herself into the water. Bad as things had turned out with her, poor dear, she never did that. Mr. Lionel, I ask you, sir, was she likely to do it?"

"I should have deemed it very unlikely," replied Lionel. "Until to-day," he added to his own thoughts.

"No, she never did! Was it the work of one to go and buy herself aprons, and tape, and cotton for sewing, who was on her way to fling herself into a pond, I'd ask the crowner?" he continued, his voice rising almost to a shriek in his emotion. "Them aprons be a proof that she didn't take her own life. Why didn't they bring it in Wilful Murder, and have the place scoured out to find him?"

"The verdict will make no difference to the finding him, Robin," returned Lionel Verner.

"I dun know that, sir. When a charge of wilful murder's out in a place, again some one of the folks in it, the rest be all on the edge to find him; but 'found drowned' is another thing. Have you any suspicion again anybody, sir?"

He put the question sharply and abruptly, and Lionel Verner looked full in his face as he answered,

"No, Robin."

"Well, good afternoon, sir."

He turned away without another word. Lionel gazed after him with true sympathy. "He will never recover this blow," was Lionel Verner's mental comment.

But for this unfortunate occurrence, John Massingbird would have already departed from Verner's Pride. The great bane of the two Massingbirds was, that they had been brought up to be idle men. A sum of money had become theirs when Frederick came of age—which sum you will call large or small, as it may please you. It would be as a drop of water to the millionaire; it would be as a countless fortune to one in the depths of poverty; we estimate things by comparison. The sum was £5,000 each—Mrs. Massingbird, by her second marriage with Mr. Verner, having forfeited all right in it. With this fine sum the young Massingbirds appeared to think that they could live like gentlemen, and need not seek to add to it.

Thrown into the luxurious home of Verner's Pride—again we must speak by comparison: Verner's Pride was luxurious compared to the moderate home they had been reared in—John and Frederick Massingbird suffered that worst complaint of all complaints, indolence, to overtake them and become their master. John, careless, free, unsteady in many ways, set on to spend his portion as fast as he could; Frederick, more cold, more cautious, did not squander as his brother did, but he managed to get rid of a considerable amount of his own share in unfortunate speculations. While losses do not affect our personal convenience they are scarcely felt. And so it was with the Massingbirds.

Mr. Verner was an easy man in regard to money matters; he was also a man who was particularly sensitive to the feelings of other

people, and he never breathed a word to his wife about the inexpediency of her keeping her sons at home in idleness. He feared his motives might be misconstrued—that it might be thought he grudged the keeping of them. He had spoken once or twice of the desirability of their pursuing some calling in life, and intimated that he should be ready to further their views by pecuniary help; but the advice was not taken. He offered to purchase a commission for one or both of them; he hinted that the bar afforded a stepping-stone to fame. No, John and Frederick Massingbird were conveniently deaf; they had grown addicted to field sports, to a life of leisure, and they did not feel inclined to quit it for one of obligation and labor. So they had stayed on at Verner's Pride, in the enjoyment of their comfort-quarters, of the well-spread table, of their horses, their dogs. All these sources of expense were provided without any cost or concern of theirs, their own private expenditure alone coming out of their private purses. How it was with their clothes, they and Mrs. Verner best knew—Mr. Verner did not. Whether these were furnished at their own cost, or whether their mother allowed them to draw for such on her—or, indeed, whether they were scoring up long bills on account—Mr. Verner made it no concern of his.

John, who was naturally of a roving nature, and but for the desirable home he was allowed to call his, would probably have been all over the world before he was his present age, working in his shirt-sleeves for bread one day, exalted to some transient luck the next, had latterly taken a fancy into his head to emigrate to Australia. Certain friends of his had gone out there a year or two previously, and were sending home flaming accounts of their success at the gold fields. It excited in John Massingbird a strong wish to join them. Possibly other circumstances urged him to the step; for that his finances were not in so desirable a state as they might be was certain. With John Massingbird to wish a thing was to do it; and almost before the plan was spoken of, even in his own family, he was ready to start. Frederick was in his confidence, Lionel partly so, and a hint to his mother was sufficient to induce her to preserve reticence on the subject. John Massingbird had his reasons for this. It was announced in the household that Mr. Massingbird was departing on a visit to town, the only one who was told the truth being Rachel Frost. Rachel was looked upon almost as one of themselves. Frederick Massingbird had also confided it to Sibylla West—but Frederick and Sibylla were on more confidential terms than was suspected by the world. John had made a confidant on his own score, and that was of Luke Roy. Luke, despised by Rachel, whom he truly loved, clearly seeing there was no hope whatever that she would ever favor him, was eager to get away from Deerham—anywhere, so that he might forget her. John Massingbird knew this; he liked Luke, and he thought Luke might prove useful to him in the land he was emigrating to, so he proposed to him to join in the scheme. Luke warmly embraced it. Old Roy, whom they were obliged to take into confidence, was won over to it; he furnished Luke with the needful funds, believing he should be repaid fourfold, for John Massingbird had contrived to imbue him with the firm conviction that gold was to be picked up for the stooping.

Only three days before the tragic event occurred to Rachel, Luke had been dispatched to London by John Massingbird to put things in a train for the voyage. Luke said nothing abroad of his going, and the village only knew he was away by missing him.

"What's gone of Luke?" many asked of his father.

"Oh, he's off to London on some spree; he can tell ye about it when he gets back," was Roy's answer.

When he got back! John's departure was intended for the day following the one when you saw him packing his clothes, but the untimely end of Rachel had induced him to postpone it; or, rather, the command of Mr. Verner, a command which John could not conveniently disobey if he wished. He had won over Mr. Verner to promise him a substantial sum to "set him up," as he phrased it, in Australia; and that sum was not yet handed to him.

The revelation at the inquest had affected Mr. Verner in no measured degree, greatly increasing, for the time, his bodily ailments. He gave orders to be denied to all callers; he could not bear the comments that would be made. An angry, feverish desire to find out who had played the traitor grew strong within him. Innocent, pretty, child-like Rachel! Who was it that had set himself, in his wickedness, deliberately to destroy her? Mr. Verner now deemed it more than likely that she had been the author of her own death. It was of course impossible to tell, but he dwelt on that part of the tragedy less than on the other. The one injury was uncertain—the other was a fact.

What rendered it all the more obscure was the absence of any previous grounds of suspicion. Rachel had never been observed to be on terms of intimacy with any one. Luke Roy had been anxious to court her, as Verner's Pride knew; but Rachel had utterly repudiated the wish. Luke it was not. And who else was there?

The suspicions of Mr. Verner veered, almost against his will, towards those of his own household. Not to Lionel; he honestly believed Lionel to be too high principled. But towards his stepsons. He had no particular cause to suspect either of them, unless the testimony of Mrs. Duff's son about the tall gentleman could furnish it, and it may be said that his suspicion strayed to them only from the total absence of any other quarter to fix it upon. Of the two he could rather fix it upon John than Frederick. No scandal touching Frederick had ever reached his ears; plenty of it touching John. In fact, Mr. Verner was rather glad to help in shipping John off to some far-away place, for he considered him no credit to Verner's Pride or to the neighborhood. Venial sins sat lightly on John Massingbird's conscience.

But this was no venial sin, no case of passing scandal; and Mr. Verner declared to that gentleman that if he found him guilty, he would discard him from Verner's Pride without a shilling of help. John Massingbird protested, in the strongest terms, that he was innocent as Mr. Verner himself.

A trifling addition was destined to be brought to the suspicion already directed by Mr. Verner towards Verner's Pride. On the night of the inquest Mr. Verner had his dinner served in his study—the wing of a fowl, of which he ate about a fourth part. Mrs. Tynn attended on him; he liked her to do so when he was worse than usual. He was used to her, and he would talk to her when he would not to others. He spoke about what had happened, saying that he felt as if it would shorten his life. He would give anything, he added, half in self-soliloquy, to have the point cleared up of who it was young Duff had seen in the lane. Mrs. Tynn answered this, lowering her voice.

"It was one of our young gentlemen, sir; there's no doubt of it. Dolly saw one of them come in."

"Dolly did!" echoed Mr. Verner.

Mrs. Tynn proceeded to explain. Dolly, the dairymaid at Verner's Pride, was ill-conducted enough (as Mrs. Tynn would tell her, for the fact did not give that ruling matron pleasure) to have a sweetheart. Worse still, Dolly was in the habit of stealing out to meet him when he left work, which was at eight o'clock. On the evening of the accident, Dolly, abandoning her dairy, and braving the wrath of Mrs. Tynn, should she be discovered, stole out to a sheltered spot in the rear of the house, the usual meeting-place. Scarcely was she ensconced when the swain arrived; who, it may be remarked, on passing, filled the important post of wagoner to Mr. Bitterworth. The spot was close to the small green gate which led to the lane already spoken of; it led to that only; and, while he and Dolly were talking and making love, after their own rustic fashion, they saw Dan Duff

come from the direction of the house, and pass through the gate, whistling. A short while subsequently the gate was heard to open again. Dolly looked out, and saw what she took to be one of the gentlemen come in, from the lane, walking very fast. Dolly looked but casually, the moonlight was obscured there, and she did not particularly notice which of them it was—whether Mr. Lionel, or either of Mrs. Verner's sons. But the impression received into her mind was, that it was one of the three; and Dolly could not be persuaded out of that to this very day.

"Hush—sh—sh!" cried she to her sweetheart, "it's one o' the young masters."

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THERE is a rebellion among the English Quakers. The youthful fair of the sect have banded together in opposition to the poke bonnet and scant skirt. Crinoline of moderate periphery now surrounds their frames, and flowers and ribbons are invading the precincts of the drab. The elders are moved to lamentations, and, through their organ, *The British Friend*, urge plaintive remonstrances. The young men among them are also exciting consternation by joining rifle corps.

A MAN named Tissler was recently tried in Paris for stealing a metal spoon from the eating-house of Madame Brard. The President of the Tribunal, addressing the prisoner, said: "You are accused of stealing a metal spoon." The prisoner—"Yes, but I thought it was silver!" [Laughter.] M^{me}. Brard—"C'est frank au moins!" (That's frank at least). Prisoner—"Seven francs! (Sept francs.) It was not worth seven sous!"

MESSRS. TRUBNER, the London publishers, are about to issue selections from a German work called: "Hours of Devotion," attributed to Zachokke. These selections have been made by no less a person than the Queen of England, and have already been printed for private circulation. The original publication had a preface containing the following passage: "They have been selected by one to whom in deep and overwhelming sorrow they have proved a source of comfort and edification."

THE Dean of Carlisle is very severe upon the great British nation. He thinks the prevailing destitution in the manufacturing districts is "a clear visitation of God," because, he says, of our sins, our wanton luxury, our licentiousness, our drunkenness, our commercial and our manufacturing frauds.

A NEW paper has just made its appearance in Paris. It is called *La France*. The politics are conducted by La Guernoniere, and *mirabile dictu!* the fashion department is under the sovereign control of the Empress Eugenie.

MARIA PLA—OR "Plous Polly," as *Punch* calls her—daughter of Victor Emanuel, is on the point of wedlock with the King of Portugal.

It may interest the weaker sex to know that the Prince of Wales is to marry the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and that the Prince Imperial of France will be a man, by imperial decree, when he is 14.

THE civil tribunal of Perigueux, France, has decided that there is no French law prohibiting the marriage of a Roman Catholic priest, since he does not, by taking holy orders, lose any of his rights as a citizen. The Code Napoleon declares that marriage is a purely civil compact, and under this law the decision is made.

A PARIS correspondent writes: "The recent movements toward emancipation are having a great moral effect in Europe in our behalf. Mini ken or otherwise, the fact is that the sympathies of the European people have from the first been with the North, because it was understood that on our side this was, somehow, a war for the extermination of slavery, and on that of the South for its extension and protection. Latterly, when after more than a year's struggle nothing seemed to have been done for the removal of the great evil which they at least considered as lying at the foundation of all our troubles, a good deal of the enthusiastic sympathy at first given us has been cooled down and withdrawn. Now, however, when the course of events seems to have shown the necessity of availing ourselves of all the weapons in our possession, and when there seems a prospect that the curse of our country and the cause of our ills is to be removed, all this good feeling has come back fresh and warm as it was at first. The people of Europe cannot be brought to fight against a nation which inscribes on its banners, 'Freedom to all.'"

THE war between the Russians and Circassians is still waged with merciless severity. Latest advices state that the Circassians had captured the Russian fortress of Hakette, garrisoned by 3,000 men, all of whom were butchered on the spot.

PRINCE OSCAR of Sweden has received from the French Government a gold medal of the first class for rescuing a woman and her two children who had been thrown into a ravine by a runaway horse. In France they call such a deed as this of the Prince an "act of self-devotion," and decree medals accordingly.

AN amusing case was tried lately at the Sheriff's Court, London. A German widow employed a countryman to look out for a husband for her daughter, and promised, as he alleged, to give him £15 if he succeeded. He was successful; a suitor was found, the daughter was married, and the grateful mother paid him £5 on account, but afterwards refused to pay any more, and the husband-provider consequently brought this action to recover the balance. The Judge pointed out that the English law did not recognize contracts of this kind, and the verdict was given for the widow.

THE Great Exhibition "umbrella question" came on for decision at the Brompton County Court last month, and resulted in what may be considered a drawn battle. The Commissioners refuse to allow umbrellas or sticks to be taken into the picture-gallery, and levy a charge of one penny on all which are deposited at the stalls provided to receive them. Mr. Garham, a season ticket-holder, refused to pay this charge and his umbrella was detained. He therefore sued the Commissioners for £2 15s., of which sum 10s. was the value of the umbrella and £2 5s. damages for its detention. After long hearing the Judge gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with 1s. damages. He thought the Commissioners had a right to make a charge at the umbrella-stalls; but in this case they knew that Mr. Garham deposited the right and did not intend to pay, and yet they allowed their servant to take the umbrella. It is now clearly laid down that the Commissioners may demand a fee; and instructions have been given that in all cases the payment must be made at the time the articles are left with them.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

GALLOPPING CONSUMPTION.—Cavalry foraging in the enemy's country.

"Our ship of State has got a tremendous load to carry, and requires, therefore, a heavy draught."

"AND what is the matter with you?" asked Arabella of a hearty invalid with shoulder-straps, "why aren't you with your regiment?"

"Me? Oh! I'm sick—I've got something the matter with my liver."

"Ah! Yes; it is white!" replied the maiden, scornfully; and off she went to dance—would you have thought it?—with a civilian!

REV. MR. ANDERSON, the chaplain of the 3d California volunteers, was requested to pronounce the benediction at the close of a celebration on the 4th of July. He proceeded as follows: "And now may the God of Washington, the God of Foote, Halleck, McClellan and Lincoln, nerve, guide and surge this whole nation till Richmond is taken, Charleston burnt, Secession annihilated, and sloop-shop Union men turned out of existence. Amen."

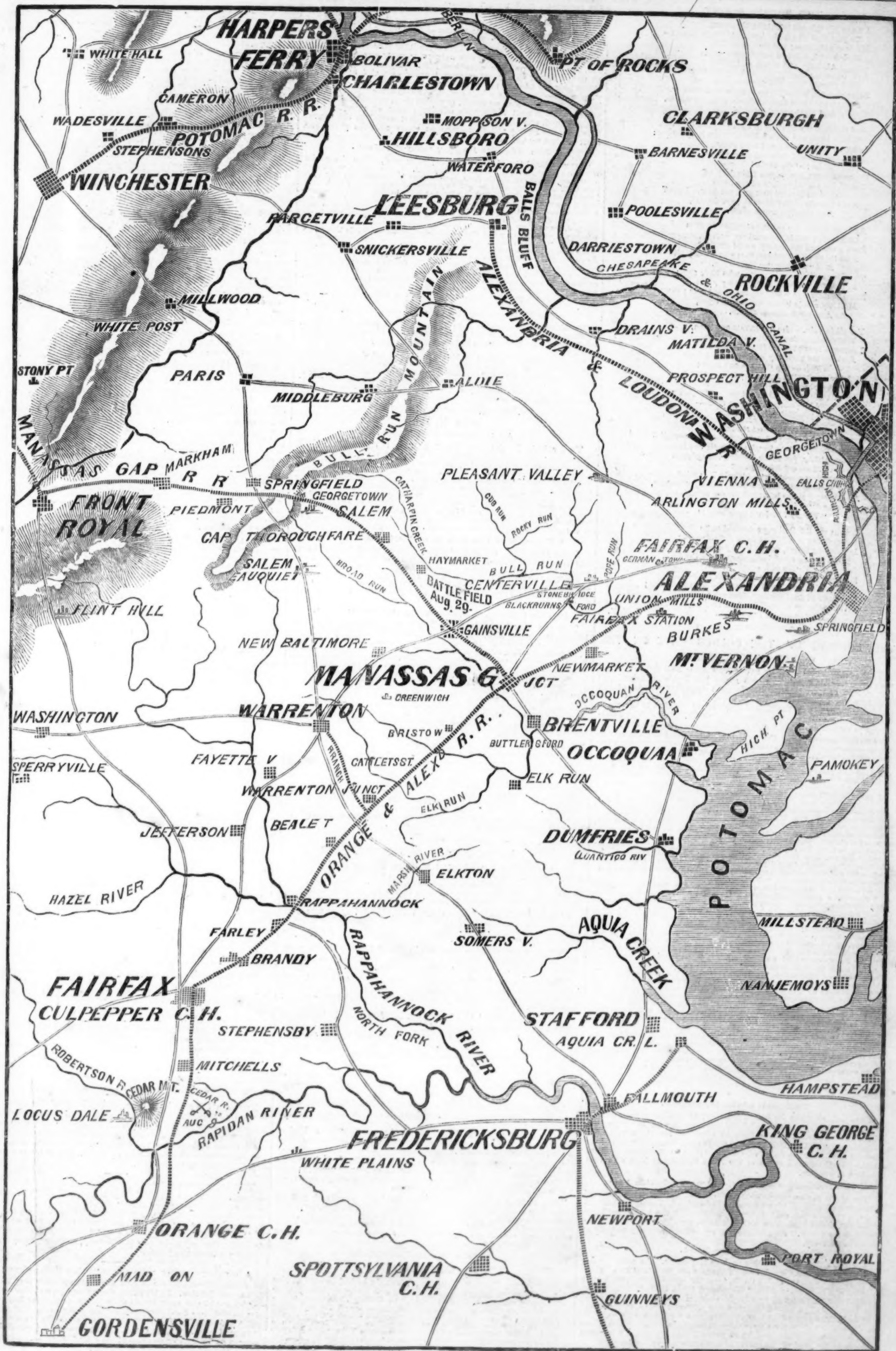
THE faster we wade in this rushing tide of war, the sooner we shall get out of it.

THE Confederate Almanac for 1862 announces an "eclipse of the sun, visible over the Confederate States." To this the Nashville Union adds, that "there will be a total eclipse of the Confederate States visible all over creation."

OUR rebel women are so fierce that they are no longer graceful in their personal deportment. With them the day of grace is past.

ACCORDING to the Arithmetic of Fashion, two glances make one look; two looks make one sigh; four sighs make one waltz; three waltzes make one palpitation; two palpitations make one call; two calls make one attention; two attentions make one fool (sometimes two); two fools make one flirtation—plus two bouquets, equal to one engagement, equal to one marriage.

THE first vessel built on this continent was the Virginia, of Segadahoc. She was planned and finished by Martin Dight in the autumn and winter of 1607, and was launched and put to sea in the spring of 1608, at Hunnewell's Point, Maine.



SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA—SHOWING THE RECENT AND PRESENT OPERATIONS OF THE NATIONAL AND REBEL ARMIES.

THE POET'S PLAIN.

I TEAR my life out in this bitter strife,
To gain that which the heartless world denies—
My true existence; not that outer life,
Which with a proud indifference defies
All hate, and scorn, and pride.
Aye, on each stinging thorn along the way
That pierces deep into my writhing soul,
Some shred is left—till, powerless with dismay,
I crush the heart that never can be made whole,
And all the world derides.

And through my shut teeth biting words leap out,
Which blast and wither Friendship's holy flower:
Longing for tenderness, I turn about,
And find myself deserted in one hour,
To live or die alone!
So, one by one, the waxen buds drop off,
Till all the sacred outlets of my heart
Are choked with tears that will not flow. I scoff
More fiercely as my dearest joys depart,
And slowly turn to stone.

And yet within me are the slumbering fires
Of Poetry; and in my soul are writ
Such poems as the dainty world admires,
And those proud critics, too, who calmly sit
A d rack one o'er their wine.
The songs of those old poets, who have sung
In tuneful numbers all the hoary years,
Since that far day while yet the world was young,
Melt my whole being into happy tears,
And seem almost divine.

Yet all in vain. The fire bursts out anon,
When inspiration kindles it to flame,
I dream I hear the plaudits I have won,
And see my pathway leading to that fame
Which seems like healing balm;
But the awakening from that cursed dream,
Is but a plunge into abject despair!
Black darkness settles round me, so no gleam
Of sunny Hope can ever enter there—
No peaceful voice can calm.

The raging billows of that restless sea,
Where I am always drowning—never drowned—
Whose foamy waves break on the distant lee,
Threat'ning, yet never dashing me aground
Till all my life is gone!
Oh! taunting world! how bitterly I've cried
For those small favors which you might bestow,
And never feel the loss; till, all my spirit's pride
Breaks forth in one wild, wretched wail of woe,
"Would I had not been born!"

If thus my life is always doomed to be
A groping towards an ignis fatuus mark;
Is there no better, future hope for me,
Than to be wrecked and stranded in the dark,
By Time's sad, surging sea?
Soft spirit-voices whisper from on high—
Quench not within thy breast the fires that burn;
The hour of final triumph draweth nigh,
When thy unfettered, fearless soul shall learn
God's grander Poetry.

J. H. E.

THE BURNING OF THE GOLDEN GATE ON THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

THE commercial public are every now and then startled with some terrible calamity, which shows how feeble are the utmost precautions of men to save life in such appalling contingencies. The last sea horror is the loss of the splendid California steamer Golden Gate by fire on the 27th of July, about 15 miles to the westward of Manzanilla, on the coast of Lower California. The catastrophe is thus recorded by Capt. Hudson, her commander:

"I have to report to you the total loss of the Golden Gate, by fire, which occurred on the afternoon of the 27th inst., 15 miles to the westward of Manzanilla. At five in the afternoon, when at dinner, the ship was reported to be on fire. I immediately arose from the table, requesting the passengers to remain quiet, and proceeded to the spar deck, when I found a dense volume of smoke coming up from the engine-room hatchway. All the fire hose of the ship was immediately put in requisition and worked with all possible energy.
"The ship was now about three or four miles from the land. I saw at a glance the impossibility of subduing the flames, and immediately put the helm up to run the ship ashore. Men, women and children were now ordered forward, and probably 100 had reached the fore-castle, when the flames spread with such rapidity as to cut off all communication with the after part of the ship. I ordered Mr. Waddell, the Chief Engineer, to keep the engine moving as long as possible. All regular communication with the engine-room was cut off in a few minutes by the flames. Several of the firemen and engineers were still below. The feed valves of the boilers and furnace doors were opened wide, and all precautions used to prevent explosion.
"So rapid was the spread of the flames, however, that the engineers and their men barely escaped with their lives, by forcing a passage through the after freight-room bulkhead. At half past five we grounded about 300 yards from the beach, where there was a heavy surf breaking. Before reaching the shore the after boats were lowered away and filled with passengers, under charge of my chief officer, Mr. Nolan, who remained by the ship, rendering all possible aid in saving life. In the meantime, life preservers, spars and everything of a buoyant nature, were furnished to the passengers, thrown overboard after the struck.
"The flames spread with such rapidity that the hurricane deck, from the foremast aft, fell with a tremendous crash before reaching the shore, and soon afterwards the foremast went by the board. The heat had now become so intense as to compel all who remained to leave the burning wreck, by lowering themselves in the water with lines furnished for that purpose; and many had thrown themselves into the water from various parts of the ship. After all had left, Capt. Pearson and myself dropped from the bowsprit, and succeeded, with great difficulty, in reaching the beach. I found about 80 had reached the shore with life.

"The St. Louis, touching at Manzanilla early the same morning, and hearing of our disaster, came to our assistance and rescued those who had remained with me on the beach. We had, on leaving San Francisco, 242 passengers and 90 crew. There now remain 72 passengers and 62 crew, making our lost and missing, some of whom may yet be found, 204. Capt. Lapidge will remain at this port until to-morrow evening, the 30th inst., for the purpose of searching still further for missing passengers."

Incidents of the Shipwreck.

Even calamity has its bright side—or, as Shakespeare terms it, "the silver lining to the cloud," for amid death and horror the heroic element of man comes forth to vindicate his claim to be the fellow-creature of Washington and Garibaldi. The shipwreck of the Golden Gate brought forth this noble side of our nature, and our Artist has illustrated some of the most striking incidents in that chapter of horrors.

The Helmsman steering, surrounded with Fire.

One of the passengers says the conduct of the helmsman excited the admiration of all who witnessed his daring and utter regardlessness of his own personal safety. He stood at the wheel until the flames encircled him, then lashed it down and jumped through the fire into the ocean. He still lives, to recite the mournful tragedy of that eventful day.

Burying the Dead.

The same thus recounts this melancholy scene. As soon as day broke we buried the dead, four of them were women, two of these were elderly women, and, I think, from the second cabin, an insane person and Mrs. McMullen. We buried them in the sand, digging the grave with pieces of board. Mrs. McMullen was a lady much esteemed; and as we straightened her stiffened limbs and covered her face, my heart ached that so untimely a fate should check a life so useful, and so lonely a grave should mark the resting-place of one that in life was surrounded by so many loving friends. We placed a cross at the head of the graves to designate the spot as sacred. When this sad duty was over we started towards Manzanilla, marching over burning sands, through jungles and thorns, around

the mountain, until we got abreast the "White Rock," 11 miles from the town. Here we found in the wood a little water, brackish and dirty; still, it was our salvation, and we drank it eagerly. After resting, we surveyed with a new sense of our position the high mountains towering above us, covered with an impenetrable chapparal on the one hand, and impassable cliffs on the other bordering the sea.

On leaving the vicinity of the wreck our party numbered nearly 100, five children and one woman—a Mrs. Wallace. God bless the woman, a braver and better woman I never saw, and never can I forget how she cheered the weary through our toilsome and painful wanderings—how, when others rested, she bathed the crying children in the only fresh water we found, to enable them to hold out, and so on through the next night, with our little band of about 25, some badly burned, and all sore and lame—our feet bound in old canvas (pieces of the foretop sail, that came on shore with the yard), and most of what we had taken from the dead.

Mrs. Wallace leaping from the Rock.

Here we passed the night, without water or food, while those who were in advance strayed into the mountains. But we were comforted by the appearance of the Custom House boat of Manzanilla; she took two men who were able to get to a point of rock, from which they jumped, and were then picked up by the men in the boat, who promised to come to our aid in the morning. Through the long night we suffered, and at daybreak sent two men in search of water, of which they procured enough for a scanty drink for all; and then, a little refreshed, we took up our line of march over the mountains to get to where we could jump from the rocks into the water, when the boats should come to our rescue.

We climbed through chapparal, cactus and thorns, over ledges and down frightful steep slopes as you never saw. Mrs. W. did all this with the strongest, without a murmur; she faltered once, poor soul, when we reached the rock from which we jumped, and as I tied the rope around her which was thrown me. She dreaded the fearful waters, and feared we would not reach the boat; but at the right time I told her to jump, gave her a push, and she was safely drawn to the boat.

The Mate setting the two Boats in Order.

The chief officer seems to have behaved in a very laudable manner. We have already named the helmsman—the first mate was equally meritorious. To his coolness and judgment the safety of the two boats was owing.

Among the many exciting incidents of this dreadful calamity was the adjustment of the two boats by Mr. Nolan, the first mate—to his admirable management and heroic exertions their safety is entirely attributable. One of the female passengers, who was lying at the bottom of the boat, was killed by a man jumping upon her in his frenzied haste to get on board.

WAR NEWS.

An Unprecedented March.

THE rebels in the far West having concentrated their forces at a place called Lone Jack, with a view to a raid into Kansas, Gen. Blunt marched against them, from Fort Scott, August 17, with 1,500 men, and drove them in utter confusion behind the Osage river, capturing many prisoners and much booty. It is considered that the expedition saved the Missouri towns and the Western border from devastation, besides striking terror into the hearts of the enemy as far as the Arkansas line. Gen. Blunt's column returned to Fort Scott on the 22d, having marched nearly 300 miles in six days. Col. Cloud was left to continue the pursuit, and it is not improbable that the main force of the rebels will be forced to surrender.

Repulse of the Rebels at Fort Donelson.

FORT DONELSON, no longer a position of much importance, has lately been left in charge of a detachment of the 71st Ohio Regiment. On the 25th of August, a guerilla force under Col. Woodward, which had just taken Clarksville through the cowardice of its garrison, summoned Fort Donelson to surrender. This was refused, and the works were attacked by the rebels, who, however, were repulsed with loss, and compelled to retreat.

Brilliant National Successes in the South-West.

THE combined naval and military expedition undertaken by Gen. Curtis and Com. Davis, from Helena, Arkansas, returned to that place on the 26th of August, having been entirely successful. The rebel transport Fair Play, containing 1,200 new Enfield rifles, 4,000 new muskets, with accoutrements complete, a large quantity of fixed ammunition, four field guns, mounted howitzers and some small arms, was captured near Milliken's Bend, a post village of Madison county, Louisiana, on the right bank of the Mississippi river, 25 miles above Vicksburg. A rebel force was pursued by the troops to Monroe, in the same State, where there is a railroad and telegraph. The depot was burned and the telegraph destroyed, cutting off the communication connecting Vicksburg with Little Rock, Ark., and Providence, La.; 35 prisoners were captured, and a large number of contrabands, who were with the enemy, brought away; 11 hogheads of sugar, three baggage-wagons and six trucks were destroyed by our troops, for want of sufficient means of transportation to the river. A portion of the force with the rains entered the Yazoo river, where a battery of 42-pounders and two fieldpieces were taken, the enemy retreating without firing a gun. The heavy pieces were destroyed and the fieldpieces brought away. The expedition ascended the Yazoo above Sunflower, and then returned up the Mississippi. The troops are scouring the shores and breaking up guerilla camps with great success. Flag-officer Phelps commanded the naval force, Col. Elliot the ram fleet, and Col. R. Wood a brigade of the fourth division of the army. Rumors from secession sources state that the arms, &c., captured on the Fair Play, were destined for Gen. Hindman's forces at Little Rock.

NEWS, SCRAPS AND ITEMS.

IRON sleepers have been laid down on the Madras Railroad, in place of wooden sleepers. It has been ascertained that wooden sleepers decay so rapidly in tropical climates that iron has been resorted to as a more economical material. This railroad is 400 miles in length, and stretches across the Indian peninsula from Madras to Bypoor.

It is estimated that there are now about 70,000 miles of railway in the world, which cost \$5,850,000,000. The number of miles in active operation in the United States is over 31,000—nearly half of the grand total of the whole world.

THE men and women married in Great Britain in the year 1860, were 340,312; the children born, 684,048; the persons of all ages who died, 422,721. Excess of births over deaths, 261,327.

THE Nicaragua route to California is to be re-opened, and a line of steamers established. Travellers will now have the choice of two routes, and the benefit of a healthy competition, which has long been needed.

THE population of the Sandwich Islands has dwindled to 67,000 from 150,000 in 1853.

THE average number of suicides in France is nearly 3,000 a year. Official statistics show that in the 32 years from 1837 to 1868, inclusive, upwards of 92,000 persons killed themselves.

IT appears from official reports that there are in the State of New York 3,871 Sabbath-schools, with 333,315 scholars, and 64,270 teachers. The average attendance is 267,575, and the supposed increase in attendance over the previous year, 5,000.

THE Great Eastern, which arrived in Flushing Bay, Aug. 27th, from Liverpool, brought 1,400 passengers (561 in the steerage) and 3,000 tons of merchandise.

GEN. BOSWELL, of Mississippi, is recruiting a Union brigade in the Northern part of that State, where, it is well known, there is a strong Union sentiment.

THE new iron war steamer Ironsides arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 27th of August. Her armament is very heavy, besides 16 11-inch guns—eight on each side—she carries two 200-pounders, for which the most terrible powers are claimed.

THE agents of the Great Eastern have resolved not to throw that marine monster open to public inspection until her next trip, as it would enable some of our sneaks to stow themselves away, with little chance of being found till the vessel was at sea. Next trip she will be shown gratis to the public. In her last trip she brought more than 1,400 passengers.

OBITUARY.

BRIG.-GEN. HENRY BOHLEN, recently killed in one of the skirmishes on the Rappahannock, was born in Germany, but came to this country many years ago and settled in Philadelphia, where he entered trade and amassed a considerable fortune. When the war broke out he raised a regiment, the 75th Pennsylvania Volunteers, composed chiefly of Germans. He was commissioned as Brigadier-General in April last. He served under Fremont in Western Virginia, and participated in the memorable march over the mountains into the Shenandoah valley. At the battle of Cross Keys, and under Sigel, his brigade was complimented for its bravery and endurance of hardships. In the re-

trout from Culpepper, this trusty brigade was designated by Sigel to guard the rear of the retreating "Army of Virginia," when the army was safe across the Rappahannock, still nearest the enemy, Bohlen's brigade was fighting continuously, and, unfortunately for the country and its cause, during a skirmish, Aug. 15th, he was observed by a rebel sharpshooter, while riding across the field, directing the movements of his troops, and shot through the head, causing instant death.

COL. FLETCHER WEBSTER, of the 12th Mass. regiment, is reported among the killed in the battle of August 29th before Washington. He was the sole surviving son of Daniel Webster, whose treason to his real and life-long principles made his closing years despicable and his death a relief to his countrymen. Col. Webster was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in the year 1812. Of quiet, unambitious temper, although much with his father during his political career, Col. Webster was never himself a candidate for public station. He was, however, appointed Secretary of Legation to Mr. Caleb Cushing on the Chinese embassy of 1842, and held a position during the Administrations of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan in the Custom House at Boston. He was among the first, at the call for troops in 1861, to recruit a regiment for the war. He passed through this city about a year since, receiving a public ovation which was attended by Gov. Andrew, since which time he has been quietly and unostentatiously performing the duties incident to his command, and bearing his part in the camp and in the field.

PERSONAL.

ANTHONY BURNS, the fugitive slave, whose arrest in Boston, in 1854, was the cause of so much excitement, died on the 27th of July, in St. Catharines, Canada West. He was very much respected in his new home.

GEO. N. SANDERS has gone with a cargo of treaties for sale in Europe. Free Trade, Emancipation, Cotton for Nothing, Monarchical Institutions, &c.—all are to be bait the hook of recognition. Has he forgotten what Lord Lyons said of one of his private dispatches to Earl Russell, "That the Southern Confederacy might make a treaty, but it would require a war to force it to observe the obligations, when the necessity was past?"

GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD has assessed the Secessionists of St. Louis County, Missouri, \$500,000 for the support of the war.

JEFF. DAVIS has solemnly announced his intention to hang Gen. Phelps and Hunter. It is unnecessary for our President to issue a similar announcement should Jeff. be captured.

KINAHAN CORNWALLIS, Esq., author of "The Pilgrims of Fashion," and several other popular works of fiction and travel, and well-known as a member of the editorial fraternity of this city, has assumed the proprietorship and conduct of the old Knickerbocker Magazine. A cultivated and polished writer, and in the full vigor of his powers, Mr. Cornwallis may reasonably be expected to restore to the Knickerbocker the popularity which it possessed under the genial control of Lewis Gaylord Clark.

MISS CARLOTTA PATTI, sister of Ade's Patti, who is now taking the musical world abroad by storm, is expected to make her debut in opera during this autumn. A lameness resulting from an accident in early life has hitherto confined her to the limited professional sphere of the concert-room, but a triumph of mechanical skill, achieved by a surgeon of New York, has surmounted the difficulty. By the aid of this apparatus, Miss Patti, who has been hitherto impeded painfully, can move with the same apparent ease and precision as if she had never been lamed.

COL. JOHN R. KENLY, of the 1st Maryland Regiment, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General for gallant service in the field at Front Royal.

REV. DR. VINTON, of Trinity Church, has tendered to him the Colonelcy of the "Ironside Regiment," recruited principally from among the members of the Young Men's Christian Association. In reply he has written to the regiment regretting that he is unable to accept the position, but that he could name an officer better able to discharge its duties. He adds: "My sphere seems to be elected for me among those who, like those of old, remain among the stuff, and send supplies to the heroes in the field. The banner of the Cross and the flag of the Union we will hold erect together; though your vocation is to silence the cannon's mouth and mine to shut the mouth of gainsayers."

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND CO., 547 Broadway, have just issued the following pieces of new and popular music:

- 1—Sabbath music for choir or social circle, "Blessed be the Lord God," (in D.)
- 2—"Isn't it a wonder?" or Caddy Cadunk, as sung by Wood's Minstrels, by Gustavus Gecary.
- 3—"Carolling at Morn," for the pianoforte, by Thekla Badarzewska.
- 4—Vespers Siciliennes, arranged for the piano, by Albert W. Berg.

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.—The high praise we bestowed upon Miss Bateman some months since must be continued, for her performance during the last week have been as remarkable for their force as their naturalness. She is excellently supported by J. W. Wallace, Davidge, and others equally admirable in their different grades. De Walden's clever play of Rosa Gregoria was cordially welcomed after four months' silence, and deserved the welcome. De Walden, since Brougham and Bourcicault have left us, is now the only dramatist left among us capable of writing an effective play; but, like his friend Dion, he is too mechanical. He would sooner gain his end by breaking his hero's neck over a chair than by killing him with a sarcasm—nevertheless he is the first of American playwrights, and would be better if he had a little poetry in his soul.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—We have only to report the same effect—a crowded Museum—produced by the same cause, the greatest possible amount of amusement for the smallest possible price. The two great commanders, Nutt and Thumb, still keep the Barnum Nation in a state of doubt as to which is the greatest genius. A contemporary suggests, that our worthy President might exhibit Goldborough and McClellan as his great dwarfs. It would be a toss up which is the least.

CREMORNE GARDENS.—As these summer gardens are drawing to a close, we advise all to go while the fine weather lasts. The entertainments are so varied and excellent. It is only necessary to mention Carlotta Patti, Madame Strakos, Signor Susini, Muzio, &c., equestrian performances and fireworks.

AT Niblo's the ever-verdant Gabriel has been renewing the youth of our New Yorkers by repeating some of those immortal pantomimes which the last generation delighted to witness. Gabriel certainly understands the art of defying care and rheumatism.

SANITARY STATISTICS.—The Western Sanitary Commission reports that the number of sick and wounded received in the St. Louis hospitals between September, 1861, and July, 1862, was 23,000; number of deaths, 1,763, or 7½ per cent., for ten months. The deaths in the hospitals of the Crimean war was 25 per cent. Only 1th of the deaths in St. Louis were from wounds, and there was but one case of a sword or bayonet wound.

FRANG'S War Telegram Marking Map of the seat of war in Virginia, is an excellent companion for all who take an interest in the present struggle for our Nationality. It is sufficiently large to show the shifting positions of the two armies to be jotted down, so as to accurately trace the progress of the campaign. It should be found in every study and office—and especially at all hotels. The price is so small as to put it within the reach of all.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY is now open to the public, but as it will soon be one of the things of the past, since it is to be sold, and consequently scattered, our citizens should not neglect the present opportunity to visit it. It is a peculiar collection, and we think might be purchased by the city, and thus form the nucleus of a Gallery of Art. At all events, the lovers of quiet intellectual recreation cannot do better than pay a visit to 538 Broadway, and while away an hour or two at the Dusseldorf Gallery.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the obtrusiveness of certain officers who are in New York talking, when they ought to be in Virginia fighting. In Hoboken, some time ago, a soldier on furlough bullied one of our most loyal and esteemed citizens for daring to criticize McClellan, whose inaptitude for his position has lost us the campaign and saved the Southern Confederacy up to the present time. At the recent gathering in the City Hall Park a youthful Lieutenant actually became an orator and an adviser! We shall have drummer-boys next giving us the benefit of their experience!

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE-BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Worth \$500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get. Send for Circular containing full list and particulars. Send 25 cts. for a Certificate. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cts. each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for \$1, eleven for \$2, thirty for \$5, sixty-five for \$10, and one hundred for \$15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed 10 cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to \$1. Agents will collect 25 cts. for every Certificate and remit 15 cts to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County and State.

J. H. WINSLOW & Co.,

208 Broadway, New York.

N. B.—We wish it distinctly understood that all articles of Jewellery not giving perfect satisfaction can be returned and the money refunded.

Summer Retreats.

THE RURAL RESORT

TRENTON FALLS,

NEAR UTICA, NEW YORK STATE,

Is now open for the accommodation of visitors.

MICHAEL MOORE, Proprietor.

THE CLARENDON HOTEL.

SARATOGA SPRINGS,

Was opened on the 5th June.

WILLIAM DORLON

Late of the Mansion House, Troy, N. Y.

JAMES WILLIS.

PROPRIETOR OF

THE NEPTUNE HOUSE,

NEW ROCHELLE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N. Y.,

Is now prepared to receive his Friends and Patrons at his Commodious and Well-appointed Hotel, where they will find the same desirable accommodations and comfort for which it has hitherto been distinguished.

C. B. MOON,

Lake House, Saratoga, N. Y.,

Is prepared to entertain his visitors with the most recherche dinners, choicest viands and finest wines, at his delightful Summer Resort. His beautiful fairy craft, the *Adèle Smith*, is always at the service of those who delight in aquatic excursions.

Employment at Your Own Home.—Either sex—suitable for a livelihood or leisure hours in every city and town. Large profits realized. Address, with red stamp, for particulars.

DOCTOR WARNER,

390-3 54 East Twelfth St., New York.

Beauty.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, a charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips; will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for \$1. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

"Moustaches and Whiskers in 42 Days."—Don't buy "Onguent" at \$1 a box, but send 20 cts. [coin] for a BOOK containing this GREAT SECRET, and many others never before published. Mailed free, on receipt of two dimes, by C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

BALLARD'S PATENT BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

This Arm is entirely new, and is universally acknowledged to be the nearest to perfection of any Breech-loading Rifle ever made. Length of Barrel, 24 inches; weight of Rifle, 7 pounds. Size of Calibre adapted to Nos. 32, 38, and 41 Copper Water-proof Cartridges. Also

Prescott's Cartridge Revolvers.

The 8 in., or Navy Size, carries a Ball weighing 38 to the lb., and the No. 32, or 4 in. Revolver, a Ball 80 to the lb. By recent experiments made in the Army, these Revolvers were pronounced the best and most effective weapons in use.

For particulars call or send for a Circular to MERWIN & RAY, Sole Agents,

No. 202 Broadway, New York.

Also, Agents for the Soldiers BULLET-PROOF VEST.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of AMERICAN PEOPLE,

And the early melancholy decline of Childhood and Youth, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute. A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes for Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion.

Fail not to send two red Stamps and obtain this book. Address

DR. ANDREW STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, No. 96 Fifth St., Troy, N. Y.

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

PUBLISHED for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself, after being in to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By inclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, Single Copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y.

\$75 a Month!—I want to hire an Agent in every county at \$75 a month and expenses, to sell a new cheap Sewing Machine. Address, with stamp, S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

FURNITURE ! FURNITURE !!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF.)

NO. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

TUCKER'S NEW STYLE PATENT SPRING BED,

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

359-74

ALE AND PORTER FOR FAMILIES.

ROBERT ADAIR,

440 CANAL STREET, near Varick, N. Y.,

Is prepared to supply Families with

PHILADELPHIA PORTER,

PHILADELPHIA ALE,

PHILADELPHIA XXX STOUT,

PHILADELPHIA XX ALE.

Scotch and English Ales. Champagne Cider, &c. London and Dublin Porter. Mineral Waters, &c., in bottles, on the most reasonable terms, and delivered without extra charge to any part of the City.

CATARRH !

DR. GOODALE'S CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price \$1. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot, 612 Broadway.

\$3 ALL FOR THREE DOLLARS. \$3

12 Stationery Packages.....	Price \$1 50
25 Cigars.....	75
6 Papers Foli Cheving Tobacco.....	30
1 Pipe.....	30
6 Papers Smoking Tobacco.....	24
1 Paper Pins.....	08
1 Pair Scissors.....	17
1 Bunch Linen Thread.....	04
1 Paper Needles.....	06
3 Dozen Shirt Buttons.....	12
1 Dressing Comb.....	10
1 Gold Plated Ring.....	50

\$4 16

All the above Articles will be sent to any person in the Army (freight paid) on the receipt of \$3. Address, JOHN S. ANDREWS, 110 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

363-4



Sent free by mail on receipt of One Dollar.

SOLDIERS !

THE PATENT SCREW CAP ARMY INSTAND, the best, cheapest and most convenient for the Pocket, sent anywhere, postpaid, on receipt of 25 Cents. Address, S. T. BLACK, Greenfield, Mass.

Army and Country Agents!—For liberal terms of WATCHES and JEWELLERY, address HUBBARD BROS., N. Y.

A Beautiful Artificial Moustache for 25 Cents. E. J. STOW, Hampden, N. H.

"What is the use of buying Hair Restoratives," when by sending \$1 you can get directions how to make an excellent Restorative at a cost not exceeding 5 cents per pint.

This is a harmless and efficient Restorative, which restores the Hair to its natural color and gains it a beautiful, silky and glossy appearance, causing it to grow where it has become bald and preventing the hair from falling off. Address, Box 27, Frostburg, Maryland.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND !

A Consumptive Cured.

DR. H. JAMES, a retired Physician, of great eminence, discovered while in the East Indies a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefitting his fellow-creatures, he will send to the afflicted, post free, the recipe containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Address GRADDOCK & CO., 205 North Second Street, Phila.

363-4

QUACKERY !

AND gross swindling is carried on in this country by means of medical advertisements much more extensively than many people imagine.

I earnestly caution all young men suffering from Nervous Debility, &c., against endangering their health by patronizing any of the advertising quacks. You can fully recover by the methods used by the Advertiser, and by hundreds of others, AND IN NO OTHER WAY. Read a letter which I will send you if you will send me a postpaid envelope bearing your address. Direct to

EDWARD H. TRAVER,

363-65

Lock Box, Boston, Mass.

10,000 WATCHES

For sale at wholesale prices. Solid Silver Hunting



case Levers, worth \$15, for \$10. Solid Silver Hunting Levers, worth \$18, for \$12. The celebrated American Timekeeper, worth \$30, for \$20. Send for a Circular.

J. L. FERGUSON,

208 Broadway, N. Y.

WATCHES.

IN VINO VERITAS.

OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY desiring a genuine class of Wines, Brandies, etc., etc. can be supplied with any quantity on the most reasonable terms, by

J. MARC MARTIN, Importer,

203 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

Families supplied on advantageous terms.

To Nervous Sufferers of both Sexes.

A Retired Clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free), on the receipt of a postpaid directed envelope, a copy of the prescription used. Direct, the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 185 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

357-69

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches ?

MY Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York.

Employment!—Agents wanted in every county to sell the best (Two-threaded) Sewing Machine ever offered to the public. Liberal salary, or commission allowed, with expenses. Circular sent by addressing, with stamp, ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

358-63

MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR, HOW TO WIN A LOVER.—Containing plain, common-sense directions, showing how all may be suitably married, irrespective of age, sex or position, whether prepossessing or otherwise, with a treatise on the art of fascinating any person you wish—a curious, scientific experiment which never fails. Free for 25 cts. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Box 2,300, Philadelphia.



MUSICAL BOXES.

Playing 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16 and 24 Tunes, and in all styles and sizes, with American Melodies, Operas, Dances, etc., and varying in price from \$2.00 to \$250.00. M. J. FAILLARD, Importer, 21 Maiden Lane (up-stairs), New York. Musical Boxes repaired.

600

Business Cards, 75 cts. per 1,000.

Circulars, 35 cts. per 1,000.

Bill Heads, first-class, \$5 per Ream.

Newspapers, Books, Pamphlets, and everything from a mere speck of a Label to a mammoth Poster, at equally low rates. Send a 3-cent stamp for my Illustrated Catalogue and Price List of all kinds of Printing. T. R. DAWLEY, New Printing Establishment, Nos. 28, 30 and 32 Centre St., cor. Reade St., New York.

330-64

The Most Exciting Book of the Day. A Record of American Valor.

NOW READY,

THE NEW EDITION OF

HEROIC INCIDENTS, PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND ANECDOTES

OF THE

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

Neatly bound in an Illustrated Cover, printed in colors, being a collection of the most interesting and daring deeds performed by our gallant soldiers. It is embellished with

Forty Striking Illustrations,

BEAUTIFULLY DRAWN AND ENGRAVED.

This is the Book for Summer travelling, the incidents being complete in themselves, and related in simple language. It is an admirable volume to send to the camp, calculated at once to amuse and rouse to patriotic action.

Price 25 Cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Publication Office, 19 City Hall Square.

For sale by Sinclair Tousey and all News-vendors.

MURRAY, EDDY & CO.'S LOTTERIES !

AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES OF

Kentucky

AND

Missouri,

draw daily, in public, under the superintendence of sworn Commissioners.

The Managers' Offices are located at Covington Kentucky, and St. Louis, Missouri.

PRIZES VARY FROM

\$250 TO \$100,000 !

Tickets from \$2 50 to \$20 !

Circulars, giving full explanation and the Scheme to be drawn, will be sent, free of expense by addressing

MURRAY, EDDY & CO., Covington, Kentucky;

OR,

MURRAY, EDDY & CO., St. Louis, Missouri.



Royal Havana Lottery,

CONDUCTED by the Spanish Government. Prizes cashed and information furnished. Highest price paid for Spanish Doubloons.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, No. 16 Wall St., N. Y.

Commercial Travellers Wanted.—Large commission; honorable business. Circular sent. A. W. HARRISON, Philadelphia.

361-73

Madame C. Mears Burkhardt,

No. 222 AND 224 MADISON AV., CORNER 38TH ST.

English and French Boarding and Day School

for Young Ladies,

WILL REOPEN SEPTEMBER 17.

Madame C. M. B. will be at home from Sept. 8th. Circulars at Beer & Co., 701 Broadway; Lockwood's, 411 Broadway.

359-66

Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute,

Pittsfield, Mass., commences its Forty-third Semi-Annual Session Oct. 2d. With an attendance undiminished by the war, it continues its rare facilities for instruction in the solid and ornamental branches, and for physical culture. For Circulars address Rev. C. V. SPEAR, the Principal.

361-5

Still Victorious.

Bogle's Electric Hair Dye.....Newly Improved. Bogle's Hyperion Fluid.....Forces Hair to grow. Bogle's Balm of Cytherea.....Improves the Complexion. Surpass all others, cheapest, best and most reliable.

W. BOGLE,

202 Washington St., Boston.

Agents Wanted.—To sell 15 newly Patented Articles. Profits large. Make \$10 per day. Samples 25 cts. Send Stamp for Circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 434 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

362-63

\$1,500 Yearly made by our Agents.—Enclose red stamp and address Box 101, care B. LOCKWOOD, Broadway P. O., N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 272 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. Established 1849. For Specimens by Mail, send two stamps.

600

A Highly Colored and correct Portrait of GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, mailed free for 20 cts. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

TO ALL WANTING FARMS.

Large and thriving Settlement of VINELAND. Rich Soil, Good Crops of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, etc., to be seen. Only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate. 20 acres tract at from \$15 to \$20 per acre, payable within four years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P. M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune:

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

362-65

CARD ALBUMS,

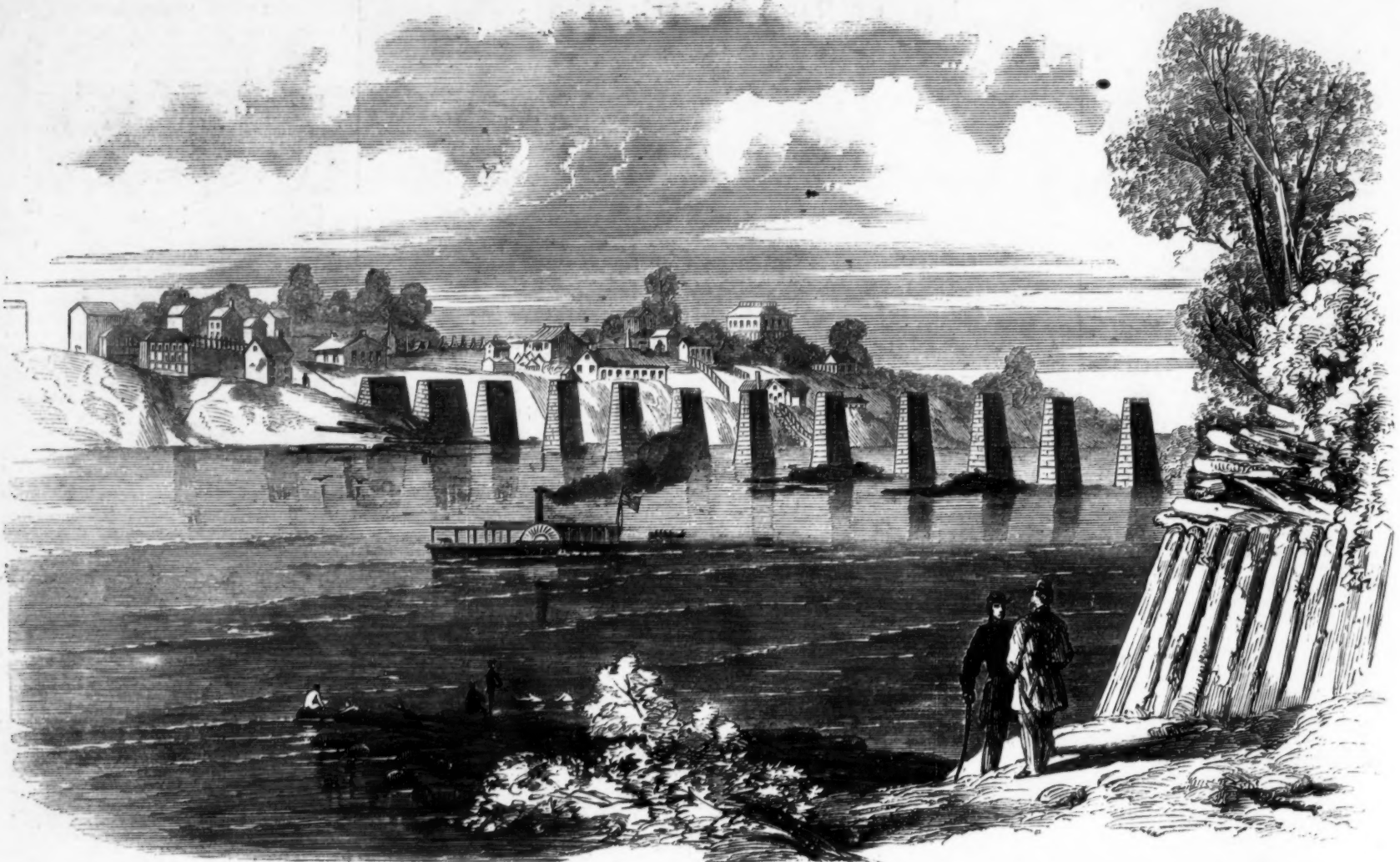
PATENT.

Public Notice is hereby given, that all infringements of the Letters Patent granted by the United States Patent Office, at Washington, to F. R. GRUMEL, of Geneva, Switzerland, for a new and useful improvement in PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, commonly known as CARD ALBUMS, will be prosecuted to the extent of the law. These improvements, patented by Mr. Grumel, comprise all that is at present sold in this market, under the denomination of Card Albums. So many infringements have occurred on Mr. Grumel's Patent, by publishers and others in the United States, that Mr. Grumel has instructed us to take immediate legal proceedings against infringers; for that purpose we have instructed our counsel, D. & T. McMahon, Esq., 271 Broadway, to commence suits at law and in equity against violators of Mr. Grumel's rights.

Mr. Grumel has, by articles of attorney, duly authenticated, constituted us his Sole Agents in the United States for the sale of rights, under his Letters Patent, to manufacture and sell, and also for the sale of his celebrated PHOTOGRAPHIC CARD ALBUMS, many beautiful specimens of which can be seen at our galleries.

C. D. FREDRICKS & CO., 587 Broadway,

Agents for F. R. Grumel, for the U. S.

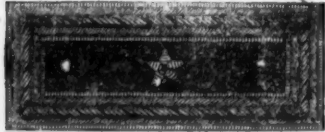


TOWN OF DECATUR, ALABAMA, AND RUINS OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE TENNESSEE RIVER, DESTROYED BY ORDER OF GEN. MITCHELL.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE 1ST WISCONSIN REGIMENT.

\$15 PER DAY EASY, AND A FINE WATCH!

EACH of our Agents make the above amount and receives FREE from us a BEAUTIFUL AND RELIABLE WATCH. Our CELEBRATED PRIZE PACKAGE have always been acknowledged as SUPERIOR to all others in QUANTITY and QUALITY of contents. Our wholesale price to Agents are LOWER than others offer, and our Goods SELL MORE RAPID, consequently yield MORE PROFIT. We have Packages for the CAMP and HOUSEHOLD, UNEQUALLED BY ANY OTHERS. Send for Circulars with EXTRA INDUCEMENTS. S. C. RICHARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, N. Y. Largest and oldest Prize Package House in the World! 3630

TOMES, SON & MELVAIN, 6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in Arms and Military Goods of every Description.

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.
Smith & Wesson's Breech-loading Rifles and Pistols.
Bacon's Cartridge Navy Pistols. 364-70

Grover & Baker's

CELEBRATED

Noiseless Sewing
Machines,

Acknowledged to be superior
to all others,

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Agencies throughout the
United States. 0000

Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashions.

QUARTERLY JOURNAL DU GRAND MODE.
The Fall Number, with splendid improvements, will be ready Sept. 1st. Every Lady, Mother, Milliner and Dressmaker should have it. Single, 25 cts.; Yearly, with a valuable Premium, \$1. Published at 473 Broadway, and sold everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of the price. 3000

A Beautiful Microscope for 28 cts.,
MAGNIFYING 500 times, mailed on receipt of price. Five of different powers, \$1. Address F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. 3590

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

ALL Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fort Monroe, Harrison's Landing, Newbern, Port Royal, or at all other places, should be sent, at half rates, by HAYDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

Sea Bathing at Long Branch.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

This commodious and well-arranged Hotel offers to the public the best facilities for Sea-bathing and PLEASANT SUMMER RECREATION. Its nearness to the city and ease of conveyance render it peculiarly convenient for New Yorkers. B. A. SHOEMAKER, Proprietor.

\$10—Johnson's Union Washing Machine
—Stands unrivalled as the cheapest, best and most reliable for Hospitals, Hotels and Families generally.—PRICE \$10.
J. JOHNSON & CO., 457 Broadway, N. Y.

\$8—Johnson's Union Clothes Wringer.
—made of galvanized iron and vulcanized India rubber. Never gets out of order. Is admitted to be the best in use, and will fit any tub or box.—PRICE \$8.
351-540 J. JOHNSON & CO., 457 Broadway, N. Y.

To Consumptives.

THE Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe LUNG AFFECTION, and that dread disease, CONSUMPTION, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y.

Kerosene Oil for Families.

THE BEST, THE SAFEST AND CHEAPEST.
Persons desirous of supplying themselves with Kerosene Oil of the best quality, and at the cheapest rates, as well as every other description of oil, for lubrication and other purposes, will find it to their interest to call upon the undersigned, who are prepared to sell any quantity required by Families and Merchants, from one gallon to a thousand.
JAMES TURNER & SON,
187 Water St., New York.

Gold Pens and Holders,

At prices to suit the times, retailed at wholesale prices. Gold Pen, Solid Silver Extension Cases, at \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, each according to the size, warranted to last five years. Gold Pens re-pointed equal to new on the receipt of 25 cts. In stamps. Agents wanted in every regiment; orders by mail promptly attended to. Send for a Circular giving a full list of prices and engravings of the Pens.
E. S. JOHNSON,
Established 1845.
Manufacture and Office, 15 Maiden Lane, New York City.
300-30



For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States

BALLOU'S

PATENTED

F. Y. S.

French Yoke
SHIRTS

WARRANTED
TO FIT.

SEND FOR A
CIRCULAR.

Ballou Bros.,
409 Broadway,
New York.

AGENTS AND SUTLERS,

And all engaged in selling to the Army, should have our "PRIZE PACKETS" and Portfolios put up expressly for the Soldier. Sold at prices that give large profits. Circulars, with full particulars, mailed free.
G. S. HASKINS & CO.,
36 Beekman street, N. Y.

AGENTS!

SELL THE SOLDIER'S PORTFOLIO.

No. 1 contains 50 Sheets good Writing Paper, two Packages Envelopes (white and buff), Pens and Holder, Pencil, Blotter, Pins, Needles, Buttons Thread, &c. Price 35 cents. \$15 per 100 to Agents.
No. 2 contains 36 Sheets Paper, Envelopes to match, and 100 other useful articles as above. 25 cents each. \$12 per hundred.

OUR PATRIOTIC COMBINATION

Is a Novelty most Brilliant and Beautiful. Sells fast.

Our 25 Cent Prize Packages
In endless variety, at from \$5 per 100 to \$11.—Best everything. Agents now selling our goods make \$10 to \$20 per day. Send on your orders. You can do the same. Circulars sent free.

3630 C. M. DUNN & CO., 118 Nassau-st., N. Y.

MISS WALKER'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN

WILL OPEN ON THE 15TH SEPTEMBER,
AT NO. 53 WEST 32D STREET. 3630

Read Advertisement of John E. Andrews on page 399, inside, headed, all for \$3. 363-40

To Consumptives.—A Preacher of the Gospel having cured his son of Consumption in its worst stages, after being given up to die by the most celebrated physicians, desires to make known the mode of cure, which proves successful in every case to those afflicted with Coughs, Colds and Consumption, and he will send it free of charge to all who desire it, and will address DANIEL ADLER, 381 Pearl St., New York. 0000

WATCHES GIVEN AWAY!!!

We give a Watch with every one hundred Stationery Packages! We give a GIFT OF THE NEW TAX LAW with each Package! We give a GIFT OF JEWELRY with each Package! We give One Hundred Valuable Receipts with each Package! We give Twenty-five Embroidery Designs with each Package! We give 10 Sheets Paper and 10 Envelopes with each Package! We give PENS, PENCILS, and Penholders with each Package! We give Illustrations of WAR IMPLEMENTS in each Package! We give a BASKETFUL OF GOODS with each PACKAGE! We defy Competition in PRICE and Contents of each Package! We want AGENTS to sell this Twenty-five CENT Package! We want YOU to send STAMPS for CIRCULAR of Package!
WEIR & CO., Publishers, 24 So. Third St., Philada.
0000

CHARLES HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE.

This popular Wine, of which the undersigned are SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH AMERICA, Received the First Premium at the
BORDEAUX EXPOSITION IN 1859.

The Medal awarded by the Judges can be seen at our office
0000 T. W. BAYAUD & BERARD, 100 Pearl St., N. Y.

Howard Association, Philadelphia—For the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Chronic Diseases. Medical advice given gratis by the Acting Surgeon. Valuable Reports on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. 361-040

A Railroad Time-Keeper, with every 100 Prize Packages, the Largest and Best Prize Packages sold, contains 50 New and Valuable Articles. We give to each Agent a good Watch, our Packages contain 24 Sheets of Paper and 24 Envelopes (4 kinds), and other articles. Send for Circular.
W. H. CATELY & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

John L. Ferguson,
Manufacturer and Importer of Watches,
208 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.
MADE TO MEASURE AT
\$18, \$24 & \$27 PER DOZEN.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of Shirts and Collars sent free everywhere. These rules are so easy to understand that any one can take their own measure. I warrant a perfect fit.
The cash can be paid to the Express Company on receipt of the goods.

FRENCH FLAN & ARMY SHIRTS,
\$18, \$24 and \$27 per Dozen.

TRADE SUPPLIED.
S. W. H. WARD, from London,
387 Broadway,
Between White and Walker Sts., New York. 000

Lands.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS, Thriving Settlement, Rich Soil, Mild Climate: see advertisement of Vineland, on page 383. 362-650

STEINWAY & SONS'



PATENT
OVERSTRUNG
GRAND
AND SQUARE
PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured, and will be sold to suit the times. Each Instrument warranted for five years. Warehouses Nos. 82 and 84 Walker St., near Broadway, N. Y. Send for Circular.

Attention, Masons and Soldiers.—Headquarters for all in want of Jewellery. Agents wanted in every regiment and town in the country. I will send (as sample) a handsome Gold Masonic Pin, or Ring, or Plated Vest Chain, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or Engraved Locket, or Engraved Bracelet, or a beautiful set of Jewellery, or Neck Chain, on the receipt of \$1, together with a Circular of my wholesale prices. C. F. GIRTON, Manufacturing Jeweller, 208 Broadway. 3610

Get the Best!
COOLEY'S CABINET PRINTING PRESS,
The cheapest and best thing out.
Send for Circular, enclosing stamp.
J. G. COOLEY & CO., No. 1 Spruce St., N. Y. 000